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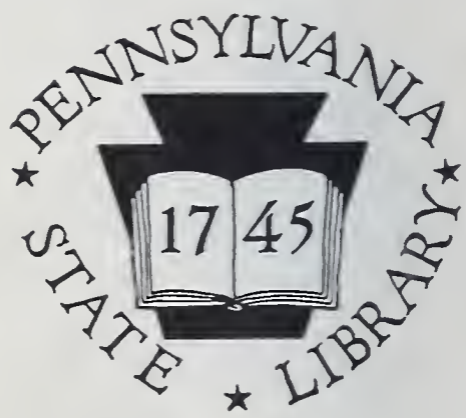
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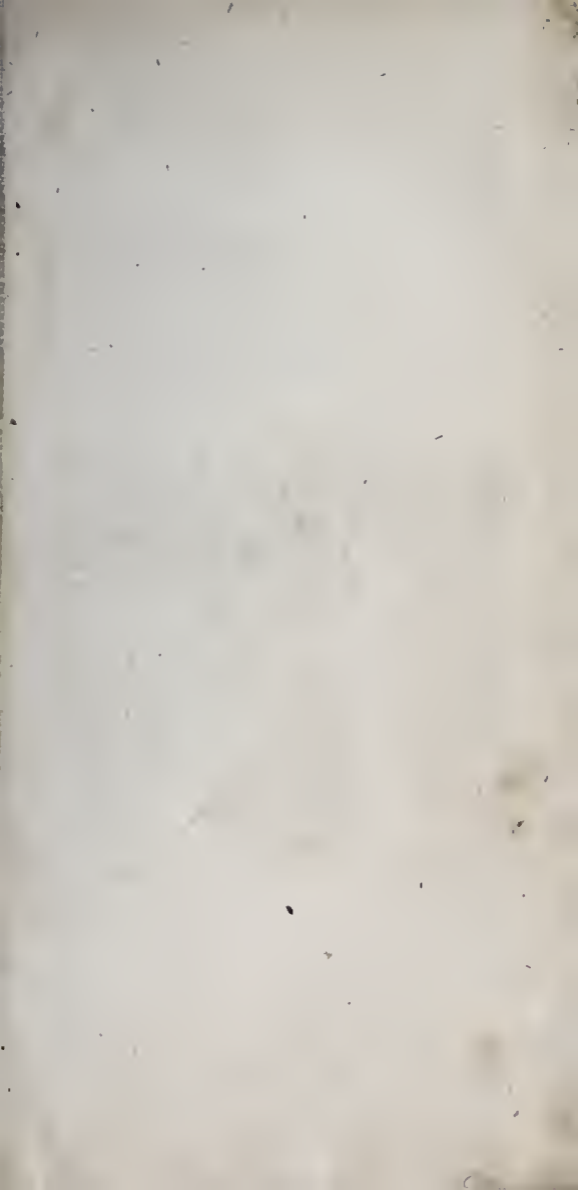
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

—
POETRY.

—
VOL. IV.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS;

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

DRAMATIC.



Drawn by R. Westall R.S.

*Prince Henry and his Father.
Page 45.*

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NEW YORK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

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PASSAGES,

FROM THE MOST

EMINENT POETS.

VOLUME IV.

BOOK VII. VIII.

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CONTENTS.

BOOK VII.

DRAMATIC. PART I.

	Page
A KING exciting a Servant to Murder	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 1
Obedience to the wicked Will of Kings, how rewarded	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 3
Deserted state of Richard II. - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 6
The entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 8
Vain-boasting treated contemptuously -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 10
Death of Hotspur - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 12
Prince Henry and his Father - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 15
Clarence's Dream - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 19
Death of Cardinal Beaufort - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 22
Picture of Human Greatness, fallen -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 23
Buckingham going to Execution - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 27
Murder of Duncan - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 29
Feelings of a Father on the Murder of his Wife and Children - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 31
A Scene of Filial Affection - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 35
A Sister pleading for the Life of a condemned Brother	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 37
Reflections on a Wounded Stag - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 41
Gratitude in an Old Servant - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 43
Life in a Forest preferable to a Life at Court	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 46
On Cæsar's Ambition - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 48
Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 53
Villany working a noble Mind to Jealousy	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 57
Hamlet and Ghost - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 63
Trial of Shylock - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 66
Crafty Age seducing Ingenuous Youth -	<i>Addison.</i> 78
Cato's Senate - - - -	<i>Addison.</i> 83

CONTENTS.

	Page
Jaffier and Pierre - - - - -	<i>Otway</i> 89
Mutual upbraidings of a King and his Minister	<i>Franklin.</i> 93
Genuine Religion never intolerant - - - - -	<i>Rowe.</i> 97
Courage derived to Virtue from Trust in Providence	<i>Milton.</i> 100
Power of Chastity - - - - -	<i>Milton.</i> 105
Sebastian and Dorax - - - - -	<i>Dryden.</i> 110
Antony and Ventidius - - - - -	<i>Dryden.</i> 120
Gloster and Hastings - - - - -	<i>Rowe.</i> 129
Sforza, Duke of Milan, pleading his Cause before the Emperor Charles V. - - - - -	<i>Massinger.</i> 133
Kings should learn from Adversity, how to act in Pros- perity - - - - -	<i>Mallett.</i> 137
Gustavus and Dalecarlians - - - - -	<i>Brooke.</i> 140

CONTENTS.

	Page
Silence of Innocence eloquent -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 235
Old Age -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Against the Fears of Death - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 236
Messenger with ill News -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 237
Description of a sleeping Man about to be devoured by a Snake and a Lioness -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 238
Description of a beggarly Conjuror	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 239
Description of a Man swimming ashore	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Description of Ophelia's Drowning -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Description of a Fleet under Sail -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 240
Description of Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 241
Description of Dover Cliff -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 242
Moon-light -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Moon-light and Music -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Night -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 244
The Sun rising after a dark Night -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 245
Hounds and Hunting -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
A gallant Warrior - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 246
The Character of Brutus -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
The Character of Troilus -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Hector in battle - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 247
Prologue to Henry IV. -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Prologue to Henry V. - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 249
Cato's Advice to his Friends -	<i>Addison.</i> 250
Cato's Advice to his Son - -	<i>Addison.</i> ib.
The Plague described - -	<i>Dryden.</i> 251
The Solemnity of the Temple or Mansion of the Dead.	<i>Congreve.</i> 252
Description of a populous City -	<i>Young.</i> ib.
Rural Courtship - -	<i>Young.</i> 253
Description of a Person left on a desert Island.	<i>Thomson.</i> ib.
The first Feats of a young Eagle -	<i>Rowe.</i> 254
The true End of Education -	<i>Rowe.</i> ib.
Fillal Pity - -	<i>Mallet.</i> 255
The same subject - -	<i>Thomson.</i> ib.
Bad Fortune more easily borne than Good	<i>Rowe.</i> 256
Despair never to be indulged -	<i>Phillips.</i> ib.
Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.	<i>Rowe.</i> ib.
Honour superior to Justice -	<i>Thomson.</i> 257
The true end of Life - -	<i>Thomson.</i> ib.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The same subject - - -	<i>Johnson.</i> 257
Character of an excellent Man -	<i>Rowe.</i> 258
Virtue the true Source of Nobility -	<i>Thomson.</i> <i>ib.</i>
A worthless Person can claim no Merit from the Virtues of his Ancestors . . . -	<i>Rowe.</i> 259
Virtue preferable to Rank - -	<i>Rowe.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Virtue its own Reward - -	<i>Rowe.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Prudence - - -	<i>Thomson.</i> 260
No Difficulties insuperable to the Prudent and Brave.	<i>Rowe.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The happy Effects of Misfortune -	<i>Thomson.</i> <i>ib.</i>
In what Philosophy really consists -	<i>Thomson.</i> 261
Providence - - -	<i>Thomson.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The same Subject - - -	<i>Addison.</i> 262
The Happiness of a free Government -	<i>Johnson.</i> <i>ib.</i>
A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor	<i>Thomson.</i> <i>ib.</i>
In what Manner Princes ought to be taught	<i>Mallet.</i> 263
The true End of Royalty - -	<i>Mallet.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The real Duty of a King - -	<i>Rowe.</i> 264
Character of a good King - -	<i>Thomson.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The Guilt of bad Kings - -	<i>Mallet.</i> 265
The Love of our Country the greatest Virtue.	<i>Thomson.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The same subject - - -	<i>Whitehead.</i> 266
Description of a Triumph - -	<i>Lee.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Scipio restoring the Captive Princess to her Royal Lover.	<i>Thomson.</i> 267
The Blessings of Peace - -	<i>Thomson.</i> 269
The Killing of a Boar - - -	<i>Otway.</i> 270
A Lion Overcome by a Man - -	<i>Lee.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Description of a Hag - - -	<i>Otway.</i> 271
A Description of the Morning -	<i>Otway.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The same subject - - -	<i>Lee.</i> 272
The charming Notes of the Nightingale -	<i>Lee.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The same subject - - -	<i>Rowe.</i> 273
Norval's Account of Himself - -	<i>Home.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Norval relates by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in the Art of War - - -	<i>Home.</i> 274
Norval's Soliloquy in the Wood, &c. -	<i>Home.</i> 276
Prologue to Cato - - -	<i>Pope.</i> 277
Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury -	<i>Sheridan.</i> 271
Epilogue to Semiramis - - -	<i>Sheridan.</i> 279

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK VII.

DRAMATIC. PART I.

A KING EXCITING A SERVANT TO MURDER.

KING JOHN AND HUBERT.

K. John. COME hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet.

But thou shalt have—creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say—but let it go :
 The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
 To give me audience. If the midnight bell
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 (A passion hateful to my purposes ;)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
 But ah ! I will not.—Yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By Heav'n I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend :
 He is a very serpent in my way,
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough,
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—

Shakspeare.

OBEDIENCE TO THE WICKED WILL OF KINGS,
HOW REWARDED.

KING JOHN AND HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about [to-night.
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,
I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
 Another lean, unwash'd artificer,
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
 these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord? why, did you not
 provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
 To break into the bloody house of life:
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law: to know the meaning
 Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
 More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven
 and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation.
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
 Makes deeds ill done? for hadst not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
 Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not came into my mind.
 But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death.
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord—— [made a pause,

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
 When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 Or bid me tell my tale in express words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act [name.
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
 Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs ;
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns,
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought,
 And you have slander'd Nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child. [peers

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O haste thee to the

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience.
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind ;
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast.

Shakspeare.

DESERTED STATE OF RICHARD II.

SCROOP AND RICHARD.

Scroop. MORE health and happiness betide my
 liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him !

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd ;
 The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost ? Why, 'twas my care ?
 And what loss is it to be rid of care ?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?

Greater he shall not be : if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects ? That we cannot mend ;

They break their faith to God, as well as us.

Cry, wo, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores ;

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land [steel.
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless
scalps

Against thy majesty ; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints,
In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown.

The very beardsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal yew, against thy state :

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.

Against thy seat both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? Where is Bagot ?

What is become of Bushy ? Where is Green ?

—No matter where ; of comfort no man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth !

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills.

And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?

Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own, but death ;

And that small model of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For Heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings ;

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;

Some haunted by the ghost they dispossess'd ;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;

All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walks about our life,
 Were brass impregnable : and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle walls, and farewell king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn rev'rence : throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while.
 I live on bread like you, feel want like you ;
 Taste grief, need friends, like you : subjected thus,
 How can you say to me I am a king ?

Shakspeare.

THE ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE AND RICHARD INTO
 LONDON.

DUKE AND DUTCHESS OF YORK.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the
 rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

Fork. Where did I leave ?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
 Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window-tops
 Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, [broke !
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course ;
 While all tongues cry'd, ' God save thee, Boling-
 broke !'

You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage ; and that all the walls
 With painted imag'ry had said at once,
 ' Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !'
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespoke them thus : ' I thank you, countrymen ;'
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along. [while ?

Dutch. Alas ! poor Richard, where rides he the

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard : no man cry'd Godsave him !
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 (His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 'The badges of his grief and patience)
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

Shakspeare.

VAIN BOASTING TREATED CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

HOTSPUR AND GLENDOWER.

Glen. SIT, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur; For, by that name, as oft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with A rising sigh, he wisheth you in Heav'n.

Hot. And you in Hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoken of.

Glen. I blame him not: at my nativity, The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets: know that, at my birth, The frame and the foundation of the earth Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it would have done At the same season if your mother's cat Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. I say, the earth then was not of my mind; If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glen. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble. [on fire,

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heav'ns And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions: and the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd, By the imprisoning of unruly wind Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving, Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth, Our grandam earth, with this distemperature, In passion shook.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
 I do not bear these crossings : give me leave
 To tell you once again, that at my birth
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes ;
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were strangely clam'rous in the frighted fields :
 These signs have marked me extraordinary,
 And all the courses of my life do show,
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living, clipt in with the sea [land,
 That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scot-
 Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
 Or hold me pace in deep experiments. [Welch.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better

Glen. I can speak English, lord, as well as you.
 For I was train'd up in the English court :
 Where, being young, I framed to the harp
 Many an English ditty, lovely well.
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart,
 I had rather be a kitten and cry mew !
 Than one of these same metre-ball'd mongers ;
 I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
 And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.—

Glen. And I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man :
 But will they come when you do call for them ?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil, By telling truth ; *Tell truth and shame the devil.*—

If thou hast pow'r to raise him, bring him hither, And I'll be sworn, I've pow'r to shame him hence. Oh, while you live, *Tell truth and shame the devil.*

Shakspeare.

DEATH OF HOTSPUR.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND MORTON.

North. YEA, this man's brow, like to a title leaf, Foretels the nature of a tragic volume : So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord, Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother ? Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand. Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, So dull, so dead in look, so wo-be-gone, Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night, And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd : But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue ; And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it. This thou would'st say : ' Your son did thus and thus :

Your brother, thus : so fought the noble Douglas :'

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with, 'Brother, son, and all are dead!'

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
 But for my lord, your son——

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
 He that but fears the thing he would not know
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, Morton, speak;
 Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
 I see a strange confession in thine eye: [dead.
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
 The tongue offends not that reports his death:
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,
 Not he which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd, tolling a departing friend. [dead.

Bardolph. I cannot think, my lord, your son is

Mort. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
 That which I would to Heav'n I had not seen.
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To Henry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth, [down

From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
 In few ; his death (whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best-temper'd courage in his troops.
 For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
 Which once in him rebated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor'ster
 Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs ; and in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is, that the king hath won : and hath sent out
 A speedy pow'r to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster
 And Westmorland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
 mourn.

In poison there is physic : and this news,
 That would, had I been well, have made me sick.
 Being sick, hath in some measure, made me well.
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ; ev'n so my limbs,

Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou
 nice crutch ;

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel [quoif,
 Must glove this hand. And hence thou sickly
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
 The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland !
 Let heav'n kiss earth ! Now let not Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd ; let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act :
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Shakspeare.

PRINCE HENRY AND HIS FATHER.

P. Henry. I NEVER thought to hear you speak
 again. [thought.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
 Before thy hour be ripe ! O foolish youth !
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will o'erwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.

'Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
'Thou hast sealed up my expectation;
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not;
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear,
'That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms;
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness:
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum;
Have you a ruffian that will swear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint! and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my liege! but for my
tears,

(The moist impediments unto my speech)
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere, you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. 'The care on thee depend-
Hath fed upon the body of my father, [ing
Therefore thou, best of gold, art worst of gold;
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it ;
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. Henry. O my son !

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All their bold feats,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered.
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument : and now my death
Changes the mode ; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon men in a much fairer sort ;
For thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do ;

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out :
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
 To be again displac'd ; which to avoid,
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the holy land ;
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds [out,
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, born
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Henry. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be ;
 Which I with more than with a common pain,
 Gainst all the world, will rightfully maintain.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

Brak. WHY looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray
you tell me. [tow'r,

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatchets. Thence we look'd tow'rd
And cited up a thousand heavy times, [England,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatchets,
Methought that Glo'ster tumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me (that sought to stay him—over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. [drown !

Lord, lord, methought, what pain it was to
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels ;
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems ;
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast and wand'ring air ;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. No, no ; my dream was lengthen'd after
life ;

O then began the tempest to my soul :

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger-soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud——‘ What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud——

‘ Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;

Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !—

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that with the very noise

I trembling wak'd ; and for a season after

Could not believe but that I was in hell :

Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah ! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,

For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !

O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds ;

Yet execute thy wrath on me alone ;

O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !
 I prythee, Brankenbury, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Shakspeare.

DEATH OF CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

HENRY VI., WARWICK, AND BEAUFORT.

K. Henry. How fares my lord ? Speak, Beaufort
 to thy sovereign. [treasure,

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
 Enough to purchase such another island,
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 Where death's approach is seen so terrible !

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
 Died he not in his bed ? Where should he die ?
 Can I make men live whether they will or no ?
 Oh, torture me no more, I will confess——
 Alive again ? Then show me where he is :
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him——
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them ;
 Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
 Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch ;
 Oh, beat away the busy, meddling fiend,
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair.

—Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !
 Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
 He died, and makes no sign ! O God, forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close. [all.
 And let us all to meditation. *Shakspeare.*

PICTURE OF HUMAN GREATNESS FALLEN.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

Wol. FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness !

This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his shoot ;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have ;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities ; [me,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd
I humbly thank his grace ; and, from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heav'n !

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is
chosen Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on him !,
 What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome ;
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was viewed in open as his queen,
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation. [O, Cromwell,

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
 The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.
 No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king,
 (That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
 What and how true thou art ; he will advance thee :
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 (I know his noble nature) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman——
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Crom-
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, [well,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee ;
 Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me :
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then
 (Though th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that wait
 Corruption wins not more than honesty. [thee !
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king——
 And pry'thee lead me in——
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court ! My hopes in Heav'n to dwell.

Shakspeare.

BUCKINGHAM GOING TO EXECUTION.

Buck. ALL good people,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home, and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die; yet Heav'n bear
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me [witness,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice.
 But those that sought it, I could wish more Chris-
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em; [tians.
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, [me,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying;
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to Heav'n. Lead on, o'God's name.

Sir T. Lovell. I do beseech your grace for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy

Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his grace:
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
 You met him half in Heavn': my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's: and, till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
 And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your grace,
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Sir N. Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming: see the barge be ready:
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
 And duke of Buckingham; now poor Edward
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers, [Bohun,
 That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, [for't.
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distressed, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
 Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince
 Restor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken

For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father.
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune ; both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd :
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heav'n has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose ; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
 Pray for me ! I must leave ye ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell ; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak, how I fell.—I've done, and God forgive me !
Shakspeare.

THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH.

Macb. WHO's there ? what, ho ! [awak'd ;

Lady. [*To herself.*] Alack ! I am afraid, they have
 And 'tis not done ; th' attempt, and not the deed,
 Confounds us—hark ! I laid their daggers ready,
 He could not miss 'em—Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done 't—My husband !

Macb. I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a
 noise ?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets
 Did you not speak ? [cry.

Macb. When ?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! who lies i' th' second chamber ?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one
cry'd murder ! [them ;

They wak'd each other ; and I stood and heard
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together. [other ;

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us ; and Amen, the
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us !

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen ?

Macb. But wherefore could I not pronounce
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad. [more !

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep no
Macbeth doth murder sleep : the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of Care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

Lady. What do you mean ? [house ;

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more ! to all the
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd ? why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brain-sickly of things ; go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
 They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more !

I am afraid to think what I have done !
 Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers ; the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking ? [*Starting.*
 How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?
 What hands are here ? hah ! they pluck out mine
 eyes ;

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hands ? no, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous sea incarnardine,
 Making the green one red.

Shakspeare.

FEELINGS OF A FATHER ON THE MURDER OF HIS
 WIFE AND CHILDREN.

MACDUFF, MALCOLM, AND ROSSE.

Macd. SEE who comes here !

Mal. My coun'ryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes re-
The means that makes us strangers! [move

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the
air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell [lives
Is there sear'd ask'd, for whom: and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their eaps;
Dying or ere they sieken.

Macd. Oh, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth kiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well,—

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were at peace when I did leave
'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
 Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
 We're coming thither : gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men :
 An older, and better soldier, none
 That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
 This comfort with the like ; but I have words
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
 Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
 The gen'ral cause ? or is it a free-grief,
 Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind that's honest,
 But in it share some wo ; though the main part
 Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
 Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
 ever,
 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
 That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it. [babes

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and
 Savagely slaughter'd ; to relate the manner,
 Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer
 To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heav'n !
 What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,
 Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak,
 Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too!—— [found.

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd

Rosse. I've said. [too!

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty one's;
Did you say, all? what, all! oh, hell-kite! all?

Mal. Endure it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were, [on,

That were most precious to me. Did Heav'n look

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let
grief

Convert to wrath; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heav'n!

Cut short all intermission: front to front,

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Then Heav'n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king, our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above [may;

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you

The night is long that never finds the day.

Shakspeare.

SCENE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

LEAR, CORDELIA, KENT, AND PHYSICIAN.

Cor. O MY dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dearest princess! [flakes

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? To watch (poor pardu!)
With this thin helm? My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire: and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded.—Ah! he wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th'
grave;

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me? [die?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you

Cor. Still, still, far wide—

Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair daylight?

I'm mightily abus'd; I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say;
I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see,
I feel this pin prick: would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nay I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think, this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am; I am.—

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes faith; I pray you,
weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it;
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam;—

Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Wil't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me ;
Pray you now forget and forgive ;
I am old and foolish.

Shakspeare.

A SISTER PLEADING FOR THE LIFE OF A CON-
DEMNED BROTHER.

ISABELLA AND ANGELO.

Isab. I AM a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well ; what's your suit ?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die ;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done ;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, 'but severe law ! [nour !
I had a brother then ;—Heaven keep your ho-
Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy. [him ;

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon
And neither Heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Isab. Too late? Why, no; I that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heav'n I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ; should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once :
And He, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? Oh, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid ;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow, oh ! that's sudden. Spare him,
spare him.

Good, good my lord, bethink you :
Who is that hath dy'd for this offence ?

There's many hath committed it. [slept ;

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake ;
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
Look in a glass that shows what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees :
But ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall :
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this
And he, that suffers : oh, 'tis excellent [sentence ;
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

—Merciful Heav'n !

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle : O, but man ! proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n,
As makes the angels weep.

We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others;
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, 'tis such sense,
That my sense bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heav'n shall share
with you.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them, but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to-morrow.

Isab. Heav'n keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour.

Shakspeare.

REFLECTIONS ON A WOUNDED STAG.

DUKE AND LORD.

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy phang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery; these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

—Come, shall we go and kill us venison
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament,
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
 'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contem-
 plation ?

Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke. Show me the place ;
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

Shakspeare.

GRATITUDE IN AN OLD SERVANT.

ORLANDO AND ADAM.

Orla. Who's there ? [master,

Adam. What ! my young master ? Oh, my gentle
 Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
 Of old sir Rowland ! Why, what makes you here ?
 Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bony priser of the humorous duke ;
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?

No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Invenoms him that bears it ?

Orla. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam. O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :

Your brother——(no ; no brother ; yet the son,——
Yet not the son ; I will not call him son

Of him I was about to call his father,)

Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

And you within it ; if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off ;

I overheard him, and his practices :

That is no palace, this house is but a butchery ;

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. [me go ?

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, would'st thou have me go and beg
my food ?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road ?

This I must do, or know not what to do :

Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so ; I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown :

Take that ; and he that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,
 All this I give you, let me be your servant;
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

[pears

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee ap-
 The constant service of the antique world;
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
 And having that, do choak their service up
 Even with the having; it is not so with thee;
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Shakspeare.

LIFE IN A FOREST PREFERABLE TO A LIFE AT
COURT.

BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AND ARVIRAGUS.

Bel A GOODLY day ! not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours : see, boys ! this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heav'ns ; and bows
you

To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may get through,
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n !
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n !

Arv. Hail, Heav'n !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, to yon hill,
Your legs are young. I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
'That it is place which lessens and sets off':
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war ;
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see ;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
Than is the full wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check ;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble ;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd ;—no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor,
 unfledg'd
 Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest ; nor know
 What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
 If quiet life is best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age : but unto us, it is
 A cell of ign'rance ; travelling a bed ;
 A prison, for a debtor that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? When we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December ? how,
 In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;
 We're beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey,
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat.
 Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
 We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly ; the art o' th' court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb,
 Is certain falling ; or so slipp'ry, that
 The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of war ;
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' th' name of fame and honour ; which dies i' th'
 And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph, [search,
 As record of fair act ; nay, many time,
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well ; what's worse
 Must curt'sy at the censure.—Oh, boys, this story
 The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords ; and my report was once

First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me ;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off : then was I as a tree, [night,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves ;
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour ! [oft,

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you
 But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour) swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confed'rate with the Romans : so
 Follow'd my banishment ; and this, twenty years,
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world ;
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid
 More pious debts to Heaven than in all [tains !
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' moun-
 This is not hunter's language ; he that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast ;
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state.
 I'll meet you in the valleys. *Shakspeare.*

ON CÆSAR'S AMBITION.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. WILL you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony :

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend, that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself ;
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour :
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Cassius, be you one ; -
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men. [passion ;

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd, that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that, which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear ;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor ; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the root : then hold me dangerous.

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear the
Choose Cæsar for their king. [people

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on death indifferently.
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life : but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you ;
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, ' Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?'—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear ; so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature ; and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend does awe the world,
Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cry'd—' Give me some drink, Titinius—'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why man, he doth bstride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at sometimes are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them; it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them; it is as heavy: conjure with 'em;
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats does this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Home, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous
What you would work me to, I have some aim:

How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might entreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.
Shakspeare.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in
 this,

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
 Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write insuch a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
 That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,
 To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?

You know, that you are Brutus, that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas Chastisement!—

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru Go to; you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;

Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have

Cas. I durst not! [tempted him.

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do what I shall be sorry for. [for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That the 7 pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means :
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius ?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends;
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool [my heart.
 That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
 A friend should bare a friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, though they do ap-
 As huge as high Olympus. [pear

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd ;
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast,—within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold !

If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [better

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Which much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? give me your

Bru. And my heart too. [hand.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakspeare.

VILLANY WORKING A NOBLE MIND TO JEALOUSY.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
Know of your love? [lady,

Oth. He did from first to last: why dost thou

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought, [ask?
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed! [in that!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest?

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!— [echo'st me;

Oth. Think, my lord! Why, by Heav'n, thou
As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean some-
thing:

I heard thee say but now, 'thou lik'dst not that,'—
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, 'in-
deed!'

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
 For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
 Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just,
 They're cold dilations working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
 I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ; [knaves !
 Or, those that be not, would they might seem

Oth. Certain ! men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this ;

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminatè ; and give thy worst of
 The worst of words. [thoughts

Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me.

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to ;
 Utter my thoughts !—Why, say, they're vile and
 false ;

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not ? Who has a breast so pure,
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
 With meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
 Think I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
 (As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To 'spy into abuse ; and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not) I entreat you then,

From one that so imperfectly conjects,
 Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
 Out of my scattering and unsure observance :
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean? [lord,

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls. [thing ;
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, no-
 'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thousands :
 But he, that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts—

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. Oh, beware my lord, of jealousy ;
 It is a green-eyed monster, which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
 But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves.

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor and content, is rich and rich enough ;
 But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 Good Heaven ! the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

Oth. Why, why is this ?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy ?
 To follow still the changes of the moon [lous,
 With fresh suspicions ?—'Tis not to make me jea-

To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well:
 Where virtue is, these make more virtuous,
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio:
 Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure;
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
 I know our country-disposition well;
 In Venice they do let Heav'n see the pranks,
 They dare not show their husbands.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then;
 She, that, so young, could give out such a seeming
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak—
 He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to
 blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has :

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my wor-
thy friend,
My lord, I see you're mov'd——

Oth. No, not much mov'd——

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself——

Iago. Ay, there's the point ;—as (to be bold with
Not to affect many proposed matches [you]
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell ;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife t' observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry?——

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further! leave it to time :
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability ;
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means ;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Shakspeare.

HAMLET AND GHOST.

Ham. ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from
Be thy advent wicked or charitable, [hell,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : oh! answer me ;
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in earth,
Have burst their cearments ? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost. Mark me.——

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear. [hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires;
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
 spheres,

Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
 If thou did'st ever thy dear father love——

Ham. O heav'n! [der.

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural mur-

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings
As meditation or the thoughts of love, [as swift
May fly to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there !
But soft ! methinks I scent the morning air——
Brief let me be : Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leperous distilment.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once bereft ;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin;
 No reck'ning made! but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head!

Ham. Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not:
 But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu: remember me. [else?

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what
 And shall I couple hell! oh fie! hold my heart?
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe; remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter. *Shakspeare.*

TRIAL OF SHYLOCK.

Duke. MAKE room, and let him stand before our
 face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down ;
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint ;
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. [pose ;

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom !
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that ;
But say, it is my humour ? is it answered ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ? What, are you answer'd yet ;
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig ;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection,
Masterless passion sways us to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your answer :

As there is no firm reason to be render'd
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat,
 Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend, himself being offended ;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
 I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 T' excuse the current of thy cruelty. [swear.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my an-

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting
 thee twice ? [Jew.

Anthonio. I pray you, think you question with a
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height ;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 When he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make a noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n ;
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder !)
 His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no further means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, ren-
d'ring none? [wrong:?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.

The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law,

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salanio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the messengers.

Bass. Good cheer, Anthonio: what, man, cou-
rage yet;
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me,

You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your
grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,
harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; for no metal can,
No not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd !
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee : for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four
of you

Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. Give me your hand. Come you from old

Por. I did, my lord. Bellario?

Duke. You're welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the case.

Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand

Por. Is your name Shylock? [forth.

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

[*To Anthonio.*

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Whercin doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly pow'r doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
 And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
 Yea, twice the sum ; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority :
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will. [nice

Por. It must not be : there is no power in Ve-
 Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel.
 O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend docter, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath—I have an oath in Heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off,
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man,
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then thus it is;
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast.

So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?

'Twere good you do so much, for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond. [say ?

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to

Anth. But little : I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I'm fall'n to this for you :

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind,

Than is her custom. It is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth ;

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty : from which ling'ring penance

Of such a misery doth she eut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife ;

Tell her the process of Anthonio's end ;

Say, how I lov'd you ; speak me fair in death :

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend ;

And he repents not, that he pays your debt !

For if the Jew do eut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteemed above thy life.

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
If she were by to hear you make the offer. [that,
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in Heav'n, so she could
Entreat some pow'r to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I've a
Would any of the stock of Barrabas [daughter;
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge! [breast,

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! a sentence—come,
prepare.

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else:
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice. [judge!

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew; O learned

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act!

For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew, a learned
judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money. [haste ;

Por. The Jew shall have all justice ; soft ! no
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge ! a learned judge !

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh :
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dy'st, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the lip. [feiture.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? Take the for-

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I : a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing, but the forfeiture,
To be so taken, at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;

The law hath yet another hold on you !

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
 Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
 For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the vry life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
 thyself;

And yct, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the diff'rence of our
 spirit,

I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it:
 For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all! pardon not that.
 You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
 When you do take the means wherby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for God's sake.

Anth. So please my lord the duke, and all the
 To quit the fin from one half of his goods, [court,
 I am content; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it
 Until his death unto the gentleman,
 That lately stole his daughter.
 Two things provided more, that for this favour
 He presently become a Christian ;
 The other, that he do record a gift
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou

Shy. I am content. [say ?

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
 I am not well ; send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Shakspeare.

CRAFTY OLD AGE SEDUCING INGENUOUS YOUTH.

JUBA AND SYPHAX.

Jub. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
 O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent ;
 Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
 And turn thine eyes thus coldly on thy prince ?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
 Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart :

I have not yet so much of the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous
 terms

Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
 Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
 And own the force of their superior virtue?
 Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
 Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
 That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this
 people up
 Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
 Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
 Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
 Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
 Who like our active African instructs
 The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
 Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant
 Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
 In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
 Perfections that are plae'd in bones and nerves.
 A Roman soul is bent on higher views;
 To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
 To lay it under the restraint of laws;
 To make man mild, and sociable to man;
 To cultivate the wild licentious savage
 With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
 Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these,
 Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
 And break our fieree barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, just Heav'ns!—Excuse an old
 man's warmth.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
 This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
 That render man thus traetable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our passions,

To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
 To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
 And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
 In short to change us into other creatures,
 Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to
 Cato!

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
 The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat:
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African,
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
 But better practises these boasted virtues.
 Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
 Toils all the day, and, at th' approach of night,
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
 And, if the following day he chance to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
 What virtues grow from ignorance and choice
 Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
 But grant that others could with equal glory
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;

Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato? [mind,
Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!

How does he rise against a load of woes, [him!
And thank the gods, that threw the weight upon

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
I think the Romans call it stoicism. [soul:

Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills?

Jub. What would'st thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato. [orphan,

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an
By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?

Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
 At once to torture, and to please my soul.
 The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
 (His eyes brim full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
 Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—His grief
 Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, the story melts away my soul!
 That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
 The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy direc-
 tions;

Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
 Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
 Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
 When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your
 safety!

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
 Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather say, your love. [per;

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my tem-
 Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
 I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer
 'Tis easy to divert and break its force: [love,
 Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
 Light up another flame, and put out this.
 The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
 Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;

The Sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks :
 Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
 The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
 The tincture of a skin, that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex :
 True, she is fair (Oh, how divinely fair !)
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners ; Cato's soul
 Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in
 her praise !

But on my knees I beg you would consider—

Jub. Hah ! Syphax, is't not she ?—she moves this
 way :

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
 My heart beats thick—I prithee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both !
 Now will this woman with a single glance,
 Undo what I have been lab'ring all this while.

Addison.

CATO'S SENATE.

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in coun-
 Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together, [cit.
 And Rome attends her fate from our resolves ;
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man ?

Success still follows him, and backs his crimes :
 Pharsalia gave him Rome. Egypt has since
 Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
 And Scipio's death ? Numidia's burning sands
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us, even Libya's sultry deserts. [fix'd
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts : are they still
 To hold it out and fight it to the last ?
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By time and ill success to a submission ?
 Sempronius, speak.

Sempronius. My voice is still for war.

Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death !
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from
 bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise ! 'tis Rome demands your help ;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate ! the corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame ! Our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle !
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal

Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason :
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides :
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence intrusted to our care ?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious ?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd
 on peace.

Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows and with orphans : Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome :
 'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair)
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to Rome,
 Now let us show submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth ; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use ; our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our
 hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
 Unprofitably shed ; what men could do
 Is done already : Heav'n and Earth will witness
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft

Conceal a traitor——Something whispers me
All is not right——Cato, beware of Lucius.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident ;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault ;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs [us :
Are grown thus desp'rate, we have bulwarks round
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the Sun ;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods :
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time ?
No, let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last :
So shall we gain still one day's liberty ;
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the
gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd [Decius,
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old
The Roman knight : he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects

Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIUS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato——

Cato. Cou'd he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he
knows

Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he save Cato? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'ral's and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend? [it.

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend;
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
 Submit his actions to the public censure :
 And stand the judgment of a Roman senate,
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend. [dom—

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wis-

Cato. Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er
 employ'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
 Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe ?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
 And at the head of your own little senate ;
 You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
 With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither.
 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
 And thinn'd its ranks. Alas ! thy dazzled eye
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon him ;
 Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him
 black

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes :
 But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
 Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
 For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendship ?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain :

Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.
 Wou'd Cæsar show the greatness of his soul ?
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself. [get

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you for-
 You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,
 All Rome will be in tears. *Addison.*

JAFFIER AND PIERRE.

Jaff. BY Heav'n you stir not,
 I must be heard, I must have leave to speak :
 Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow :
 Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?
 But use me as thou wilt, thou can'st not wrong me,
 For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries :
 Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
 With pity and with charity behold me ;
 Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance ;
 But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
 Listen with mildness to my supplications. [cheat,

Pier. What whining monk art thou ? what holy
 That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears,
 And cant thus vilely ? hence ! I know thee not.

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre !

Pier No, know thee not ; what art thou ?

Jaff. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once-lov'd valu'd
 friend ! [hardly.

Though now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most

Pier. Thou Jaffier ! thou my once-lov'd valu'd
 friend !

By Heav'ns thou ly'st ; the man so call'd my friend,
 Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
 Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
 Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart :
 But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
 Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect :
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
 Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
 Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears I
 have not,

But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant ;
 My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly : Oh ! look upon me,
 Look back and see my sad, sincere submission !
 How my heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my
 bosom ;

Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee ;
 What shall I do ? what say to make thee hear me ?

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me ? dar'st thou
 call thyself

That once-lov'd valu'd friend of mine, [chains ?
 And swear thou hast not wrong'd me ? Whence these
 Whence the vile death, which I may meet this
 moment ? [one ?

Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false

Jaff. All's true ; yet grant one thing, and I've
 done asking.

Pier. What's that ?

Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
 The council have propos'd : thou and thy friend
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life ! ask my life ! confess ! record myself

A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
 And carry up and down this eursed city
 A discontented and repining spirit,
 Burdensome to itself, a few years longer,
 To lose it, may be at last, in a lewd quarrel [art!
 For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou
 No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
 And cannot part on better terms than now,
 When only men like thee are fit to live in't,

Jaff. By all that's just——

Pier. Swear by some other powers,
 For thou hast broken that sacred oath too lately.

Jaff. Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
 Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
 However thy resentment deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me!

Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee;
 Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
 Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
 On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience;
 I'll weary out thy most friendly cruelty:
 Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em, though they spurn me,
 Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
 And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pier. Art thou not——

Jaff. What?

Pier. A traitor?

Jaff. Yes.

Pier. A villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward,
 Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
 Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my faults
 are numberless.

Pier. And would'st thou have me live on terms
like thine,

Base as thou'rt false——?

Jaff. No ; 'tis to me that's granted :
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee ;
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends ;
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stol'n :
So I restore it back to thee again ;
Swearing, by all those powers which thou hast
violated,

Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion,
Friendship or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.

Take it——Farewell, for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Pier. For my life, dispose of it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff. Oh Pierre !

Pier. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pier. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw
thee from me ;
And curses great as is thy falsehood catch thee.

Otway.

MUTUAL UPBRAIDINGS OF A KING AND HIS
MINISTER.

EDWARD AND WARWICK.

Edw. LET me have no intruders ; above all
Keep Warwick from my sight——

Enter WARWICK.

War. Behold him here ;
No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask
My lord of Suffolk's leave——there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admission here.

Edw. There was a time, perhaps, [it.
When Warwick more desir'd, and more—deserv'd

War. Never ; I've been a foolish faithful slave ;
All my best years, the morning of my life,
Hath been devoted to your service : what
Are now the fruits ? Disgrace and infamy ;
My spotless name, which never yet the breath
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at : but 'tis fit,
Who trust in princes should be thus rewarded.

Edw. I thought, my lord, I had full well repay'd
Your services with honours, wealth, and pow'r
Unlimited : thy all-directing hand
Guided in secret ev'ry latent wheel
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine :
Warwick was all in all, and pow'rless Edward
Stood like a cipher in the great account. [thee

War. Who gave that cipher worth, and seated
On England's throne ? Thy undistinguish'd name
Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprang,
And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick

Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,
 And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'st,
 This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like Rome,
 To fall by its own self-destroying hand,
 Tost for so many years in the rough sea
 Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.
 In that distressful hour I seiz'd the helm,
 Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd
 Your shatter'd vessel safe into the harbour.

You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid
 Which you no longer want ; but know, proud youth,
 He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.

Edw. Know too, reproach for benefits receiv'd
 Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation.

War. Why, that indeed is frugal honesty,
 A thrifty saving knowledge : when the debt
 Grows burdensome, and cannot be discharg'd,
 A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.

Edw. When you have counted o'er the numerous
 Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me, [train
 You may remember next the injuries
 Which I have done you ; let me know them all,
 And I will make you ample satisfaction. [jewel

War. Thou can'st not ; thou hast robb'd me of a
 It is not in thy power to restore :

I was the first, shall future annals say,
 That broke the sacred bond of public trust
 And mutual confidence ; ambassadors,
 In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
 Of venal statesmen, shall recal my name
 To witness, that they want not an example,
 And plead my guilt, to sanctify their own.

Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves [Warwick,
 That haunt your court, cou'd none be found but
 To be the shameless herald of a lie ?

Edw. And would'st thou turn the vile reproach
on me?

If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name
Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels
That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me
A cold consent to what my heart abhorr'd.

War. I've been abus'd, insulted, and betray'd ;
My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance,
Her wounds will never close !

Edw. These gusts of passion
Will but inflame them ; if I have been right
Inform'd, my lord, besides these dang'rous scars
Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds
As deep, though not so fatal : such perhaps
As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

War. Elizabeth !

Edw. Nay start not, I have cause
To wonder most : I little thought indeed
When Warwick told me, I might learn to love,
He was himself so able to instruct me :
But I've discover'd all.—

War. And so have I ;
Too well I know thy breach of friendship there,
Thy fruitless base endeavours to supplant me.

Edw. I scorn it, sir,—Elizabeth hath charms,
And I have equal right with you to admire them :
Nor see I aught so godlike in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone should revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.

War. By Heav'n 'tis false !
You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
Whilst I was busy'd in the noble office,

Your grace thought fit to honour me withal,
 To tamper with a weak unguarded woman,
 To bribe her passions high, and basely steal
 A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.

Edw. How know you that? But be it as it may,
 I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
 My claim to happiness, the privilege
 To choose the partner of my throne and bed:
 It is a branch of my prerogative. [rants;

War. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of ty-
 A borrow'd jewel, glitt'ring in the crown
 With specious lustre, lent but to betray.
 You had it, sir, and hold it—from the people.

Edw. And therefore do I prize it; I wou'd guard
 Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine:
 But when proud faction and her rebel crew
 Insults their sov'reign, trample on his laws,
 And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people
 In justice to themselves, will then defend
 His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.

War. Go to your darling people then; for soon,
 If I mistake not, 'twill be needful; try
 Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
 Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
 If I forbid them.

Edw. Is it so, my lord?
 Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
 And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;
 But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,
 And will be so: the king, who delegates
 His pow'r to others' hands, but ill deserves
 The crown he wears.

War. Look well then to your own;
 It sits but loosely on your head; for know,

The man who injur'd Warwick never pass'd
Unpunish'd yet.

Edw. Nor he who threaten'd Edward—
You may repent it, sir—my guards there—seize
This traitor, and convey him to the tow'r,
There let him learn obedience.

Franklin.

GENUINE RELIGION NEVER INTOLERANT.

TAMERLANE AND DERVISE.

Tam. THOU brings't me thy credentials from the
highest,

From Alla, and our prophet. Speak thy message,
It must import the best and noblest ends. [thee

Der. Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has giv'n
To reign and conquer: 'Ill dost thou repay
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.
Thou hast forgot high Heav'n, hast beaten down
And trampled on religion's sanctity.'

Tam. Now, as I am a soldier and a king,
(The greatest names of honour) do but make
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane
Shall do thee ample justice on himself.
So much the sacred name of Heav'n awes me,
Cou'd I suspect my soul of harbouring aught
To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,
And drive th' offending thought with fury forth.

Der. Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's ho-
By fostering the pernicious Christian sect; [nour,
Those, whom his sword pursu'd with fell destruc-
Thou tak'st into thy bosom, to thy councils; [tion;

They are thy only friends. The true believers
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

Tam. I fear me, thou outgo'st the prophet's or-
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter [der,
A rudeness, ill-becoming thee to use,
Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,
Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning,
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince. [him,

Der. He is a Christian; there our law condemns
Although he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more.

Tam. 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the
virtuous,

For differing from the rules your schools devise.
Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of diff'rent faiths;
And (though by several names and titles wor-
shipp'd)

Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.
Thus, when he view'd the many forms of nature,
He found that all was good, and blest the fair variety.

Der. Most impious and profane!—Nay, frown
not, prince!

Full of the prophet, I despise the danger
Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee
To hear and to obey; since thus says Mahomet:
Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?
'Why have I giv'n thee conquest; but to spread
My sacred law ev'n to the utmost earth,
And make my holy Mecca the world's worship?
Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,
Plant there the prophet's name; with sword and
fire

Drive out all other faiths, and let the world
Confess him only.'

Tam. Had he but commanded
My sword to conquer all, to make the world
Know but one Lord, the task were not so hard,
'Twere but to do what has been done already ;
And Philip's son, and Cæsar did as much :
But to subdue th' unconquerable mind,
To make one reason have the same effect
Upon all apprehensions ; to force this
Or this man, just to think as thou and I do ;
Impossible ! unless souls were alike
In all, which differ now like human faces.

Der. Well might the holy cause be carried on,
If Mussulmen did not make war on Mussulmen.
Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch ?
Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the prophet's curse,
Release the royal Bajazet, and join,
With force united, to destroy the Christians.

Tam. 'Tis well—I've found the cause that mov'd
thy zeal.

What shallow politician set thee on,
In hopes to fright me this way to compliance ?

Der. Our prophet only——

Tam. No—thou dost belie him,
Thou maker of new faiths ! that dar'st to build
Thy fond inventions on religion's name.
Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts ;
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies ; and, by adding
False beauties which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath, [thee.
And wo' not bear all lights. Hence ! I have found

Der. I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet.

Yet I have somewhat further to unfold ;
Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus——

Tam. No, villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its
worshippers, [wretch !
And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou
Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and trem-
When I shall doom thee—— [ble

Der. 'Tis but death at last ;
And I will suffer greatly for the cause
That urg'd me first to the bold deed.

Tam. Oh, impious !
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.
It shall be so—To die ! 'twere a reward—
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine
Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat ;
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe !
If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy :
If thou continu'st still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.
Hence ! from my sight—it shocks my soul to think,
That there is such a monster in my kind.
Whither will man's impiety extend ? [der,
Oh, gracious Heav'n ! dost thou withhold thy thun-
When bold assassins take thy name upon 'em,
And swear they are the champions of thy cause ?
Rowe.

COURAGE DERIVED TO VIRTUE, FROM TRUST IN
PROVIDENCE.

COMUS AND LADY.

Lady. THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now ; methought it was the sound

Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late rioters; yet, oh, where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

Comus. I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.

Lady. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge [out
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit,
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain;
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far:
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended

By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.
Oh, welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity ;
I see you visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard furthest
I'll venture ; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

Comus. Can any moral mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence :
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smil'd ! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs ;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause :

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
 But such a secret and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now—I'll speak to her, [der,
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign won-
 Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silven, by bless'd song,
 Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that
 That is address'd to unattending ears: [praise,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch. [thus?

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ush'ring
 guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly
 spring.

Comus. And left your fairside all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
 return. [them?

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit! [need?

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful
 bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips'

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat ;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;
Their port was more than human : as they stood,
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plaited clouds I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd ; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practi'd feet.

Comus. I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood.
And ev'ry bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood :
And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse : if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,

And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended. In a place,
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength——Shepherd, lead on.
Milton.

POWER OF CHASTITY.

THE BROTHERS.

E. Brother. UNMUFFLE, ye faint stars ;
 And thou, fair Moon,
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades !
 Or if your influence be quite damn'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian cynosure.

Y. Brother. Or, if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cot,
 Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops ;
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village-cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,

'Twould some solace yet ; some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
 But, oh ! that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ? [site

E. Brother. Peace, brother ; be not over exqui-
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ;
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion !
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk : and Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude ;
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,

May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted waiks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Brother. 'Tis most true,
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house :
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence ?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not :
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

E. Brother. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy :
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.

My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Y. Brother. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

E. Brother. I mean that too ; but yet a hidden
strength,

Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity.

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage, fierce bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

Y. Brother. How gladly would I have my ter-
rors hush'd,

By crediting the wonders you relate ! [night,

E. Brother. Some say, no evil thing that walks by
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
To testify the arms of Chastity ?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,

Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The friv'lous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th'
 woods.

What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe ?

Y. Brother. But what are virtue's awful charms
 to those,

Who cannot rev'ence what they never knew ?

E. Brother. So dear to Heav'n is saintly Chasti-
 Then when a soul is found sincerely so, [ty,
 A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear ;
 Till oft converse with heav'nly 'habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal.

Y. Brother. Happy state,
 Beyond belief of vice !

E. Brother. But when vile lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
 Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link'd itself in carnal sensuality
 To a degen'rate and degraded state.

Y. Brother. How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Milton.*

SEBASTIAN AND DORAX.

*Re-enter DORAX, having taken off his turban, and
 put on a European habit.*

Dor. Now do you know me ?

Seb. Thou should'st be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian ;
 But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
 I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream
 I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
 And your inhuman tyranny have sent me ?
 Think not you dream : or, if you did, my injuries
 Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake ;
 And death should give you back to answer me.
 A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
 Over these eyes ; but ever when they clos'd,
 Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
 And dry'd the dews they brought.

The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame :
And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs :
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face ;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me ;
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear ;
And, Honour, be thou judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear :
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors :
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts ;
And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me, thy prince ?

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in kings : for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must, and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant ! It irks me so to call my prince ;
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word, and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How tyrant !

Dor. Tyrant !

[back :

Seb. Traitor ! that name thou can'st not echo
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor :

And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou ty-
rant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of heaven to hell ;
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more ;
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts ;
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face ;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense ; when I spoke,
My honest homely words were earp'd and censur'd,
For want of courtly style : related actions
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts :
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
The hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez ? Now, by
Heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I
 nam'd him,
 That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile ;
 That woman, but more daub'd ; or if man,
 Corrupted to a woman : thy man-mistress.

Seb. All false as hell or thou.

Dor. Yes, full as false
 As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
 And pitch'd thy standard in these foreign fields :
 By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
 But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st ; but tell me first,
 If those great acts were done alone for me ;
 If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest ?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here be-
 But all the advantage of that love was thine : [low :
 For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
 With palm and olive, victory and peace,
 I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
 (For Violante's vows were mine before :)
 Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke ;
 And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be
 hop'd ?
 Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
 From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first ?

Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My services deserv'd thou should'st revoke
 it.

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service ;
 To violate my laws, even in my court,
 Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts ;
 Ev'n to my face, and done in my despite,

Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd ! [sacred,

Dor. Ev'n in the face of Heav'n, a place more
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by
power,

Would seize my right, and rob me of my love :

But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,

The hasty product of a just despair,

When he refus'd to meet me in the field, [own !

That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy

Seb. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd
with tears,

To meet thy challenge fairly : 'twas thy fault

To make it public : but my duty, then

To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,

Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy

He should have disobey'd.

Seb. Th' indignity thou didst was meant to me :

Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,

As who should say, the blow was there intended :

But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands

Against anointed power :—so was I forc'd

To do a sovereign justice to myself,

And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd

To tell me, what I durst not tell myself :

I durst not think that I was spurned, and live :

And live to hear it boasted to my face.

All my long avarice of honour lost,

Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age :

Has Honour's fountain then suck'd hack the
stream ?

He has ; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,

And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
 Give me my love, my honour ; give them back—
 Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it—

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I wear,
 More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it—
 Nor shall the sacred character of king
 Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
 If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal :
 The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee ;
 But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude ;
 Hast thou not charg'd me ? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have :
 If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
 And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No ; to disprove that lie I must not draw :
 Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
 What thou hast done this day in my defence :
 To fight thee, after this, what were it else
 Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest ?
 That isthmus stands between two rushing seas ;
 Which, mounting, view each other from afar ;
 And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that isthmus,
 Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
 But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
 I sav'd thee out of honourable malice : [not :
 Now draw ; I should be loathe to think thou dar'st
 Beware of such another vile excuse.

Seb. Oh, patience, Heav'n ?

Dor. Beware of patience too ;
 That's a suspicious word : it had been proper,
 Before thy foot had spurn'd me ; now 'tis base :
 Yet to disarm thee of thy last defence,
 I have thy oath for my security :

The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat :
Fight or be perjur'd now : that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou would'st be
thank'd : [Drawing.

Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding-night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love.

Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go ; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost ;
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost ! then is my hated rival dead ?

Seb. The question is beside our present purpose ;
'Thou seest me ready ; we delay too long.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us ; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead : make haste, and thou may'st
yet o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delayd'st me longer.
I prythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise : for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind : and tell me how that rival dy'd,
Whose death next thine I wish'd. [know :

Seb. If it would please thee, thou should'st never
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found will torture thee : he dy'd in fight :
Fought next my person ; as in consort fought :
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow :
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound :
Then when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death !

Seb. I prophesy'd thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both ; and, durst I say, as Heav'n
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, had he fall'n ;
And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood [pears ;

Seb. What had been, is unknown ; what is, ap-
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
Oh, worse than hell ! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death !
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of Fate,
Ill-sorted with a soft effeminate life :
It suited better with my life than his
So to have dy'd : mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate : confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

Dor. Oh, whither would you drive me ! I must
grant,

Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert :
For you he fought and dy'd ; I fought against you :
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your sacred life ; which that I miss'd

Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul ; my soul's a regicide. [name :

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle
Thou meant st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo ?

Dor. Can I speak !

Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo :

No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo :

Alonzo was too kind a name for me.

Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,

In that bless'd age I was the man you nam'd ;

Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax ;

And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you : there's my grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou can'st be griev'd, thou can'st
repent :

'Thou could'st not be a villain, though thou would'st :

Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast err'd ;

And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your

It comes too fast upon a feeble soul, [goodness ;

Half drown'd in tears, before ; spare my confusion :

For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.

For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,

To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade :

'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou should'st not ask forgiveness
first,

But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

Yes, I will raise thee up with better news :

Thy *Violante's* heart was ever thine ;

Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
 Her soul was absent when she gave her hand :
 Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
 Effect the consummation of his love :
 So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
 A widow and a maid.

Dor. Have I been cursing Heav'n while Heaven
 bless'd me !

I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy :
 What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
 To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love !
 But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
 For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez !

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him ?
 Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
 Here let me ever hold thee in my arms ;
 And all our quarrels be but such as these,
 Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace :
 Be what Henriquez was : be my Alonso.

Dor. What, my Alonzo, said you ? My Alonzo !
 Let my tears thank you ; for I cannot speak ;
 And if I could, [mine.
 Words were not made to vent such thoughts as

Seb. Thou can'st not speak, and I can ne'er be
 silent.

Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
 This vast profusion, this extravagance
 Of Heav'n to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
 It cannot bear the stamp, without allay.
 Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away :
 With ease the gifts of fortune I resign ;
 But, let my love, and friend, be ever mine.

Dryden.

ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

Ant. THEY tell me, 'tis my birth-day, and I'll
 With double pomp of sadness. [keep it
 'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
 Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
 Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
 Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
 To be trod out by Cæsar ?

Vent. [*Aside.*] On my soul
 'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful !

Ant. Count thy gains,
 Now, Antony : wouldst thou be born for this ?
 Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
 Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him !
 So now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
 And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down*] Lie there,
 thou shadow of an emperor ;
 The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
 Is all thy empire now : now it contains thee ;
 Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
 When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
 Shrink to a few cold ashes ; then Octavia,
 (For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
 Octavia then will have thee all her own,
 And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
 Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
 'To see his rival of the universe
 Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
 Give me some music ; look that it be sad.
 I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
 And burst myself with sighing-----

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
 I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature ;
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all ;
 Live in a shady forest's silvan scene,
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
 And look just of a piece, as I grew from it :
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like misletoe,
 Hang o'er my hoary face ; a murm'ring brook
 Runs at my foot——

Vent. Methinks, I fancy
 Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
 And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
 And take me for their fellow-citizen.
 More of this image, more ; it lulls my thoughts.

Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.
[Stands before him.]

Ant. *[Startling up.]* Art thou Ventidius ?

Vent. Are you Antony ?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
 I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you.

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me !

Where have you learn'd that answer ? Who am I ?

Vent. My emperor ; the man I love next Heav'n.
 If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin :
 You're all that's good and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then ?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not : but I dare not leave you ;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd ?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept this forty years ; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes ;
I cannot help her softness. [he weeps !

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old man,
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death ; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends ;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, father——

Vent. Emperor !

Ant. Emperor ! Why that's the style of victory.
The conqu'ring soldier, and with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so : but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium ! Oh——

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies ; a lump of lead by day :
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers.
The hag that rides my dreams——

Vent. Out with it ; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done. [thou think'st ;

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly :
But Antony——

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony,
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought ! fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, [dus. Venti-

Vent. Yes, and a brave one ; but——

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sate still, and saw it press'd by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs,
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me ; till I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose : yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.
Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already [ings ;
Of what you've done ; too conscious of your fail-
And like a scorpion, whipp'd by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Have cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would not be lost then ?

Ant. I am

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me
desperate

Without just cause ? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learn'd to scorn it here ; which now I do,
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so :

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you ? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself ; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall
But fortune calls upon us now to live, [serve ;
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius. [hours

Vent. No ; 'tis you dream ; you sleep away your
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.

Up, up, for honour's sake ; twelve legions wait you,
 And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
 I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
 Down from the Parthian marshes to the Nile.
 'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
 Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands ; there's
 virtue in 'em :

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
 Than you trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them ?

Vent. I said, in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither ;

There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come. [mis'd aids,

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with pro-
 To double my despair ? They're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march

To succour me. Oh, trifler !

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieg'd. [I hither ?

Vent. There's but one way shut up—How came

Ant. I will not stir

Vent. They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march ?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleo-

Ant. What was't they said ? [patra.

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleo-
 patra. [conquer,

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her

And make you more a slave? To gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?—Then she new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted human kind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! Plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'er-flowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me.

You have done more already; call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I need not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me to've led my conqu'ring eagles

To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, sir;
Pray kill me; yet, you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd;
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.

Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more. [may'st;

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that
kind word.

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this——

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love

Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour :
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.

And, shall we fight ?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier ;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, ' Come, follow me.'

Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor ! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all ;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. Oh, Cleopatra !

Vent. Again !

Ant. I've done. In that last sigh, she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul ; your looks are more divine ;
You speak a hero, and you move a god. [arms,

Ant. Oh, thou hast fir'd me ; my soul's up in
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me ;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way ; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield ;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour !

Ant. Come on, my soldier :
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes ; that thou and I,

Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
 May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em on a passage,
 And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
 Begin the noble harvest of the field. *Dryden.*

. GLOSTER AND HASTINGS.

Glost. My lord, y' are well encount'ed; here
 has been

A fair petitioner this morning with us;
 Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
 Alas! her gentle nature was not made
 To buffet with adversity. I told her
 How worthily her cause you had befriended;
 How much for your good sake we meant to do,
 That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

Glost. You know your friendship is most potent
 with us,
 And shares our power. But of this enough,
 For we have other matter for your ear:
 The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
 And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
 Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,
 Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
 With open scorn of government: hence credit,
 And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke;
 The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
 Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans,
 Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are overrun with ease,
 As plenty ever is the nurse of faction:
 If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd

Grow madly wanton and repine, it is
 Because the reigns of power are held too slack,
 And reverend authority of late
 Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glost. Beshrew my heart! but you have well
 divin'd

The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
 If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
 When the crown sits upon a baby brow?

Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral cry,
 And sum of all complaint: 'Twill ne'er be well
 With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

Hast. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of
 We feel no want of Edward's riper years, [that?
 While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
 So well supply our infant sov'reign's place,
 His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glost. The council (much I'm bound to thank
 'em for't)

Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
 Barren of power, and subject to control;
 Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
 Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
 I think I should not suffer rank offence
 At large to lord it in the commonweal;
 Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
 Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
 A doubt like this—

Glost. Ay, marry, but there is—
 And that of much concern. Have you not heard
 How, on a late occasion, doctor Shaw
 Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
 Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority

Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
 A bastard scion never should be grafted
 Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
 Discoursing on my brother's former contract
 To lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
 His jolly match with that same buxom widow,
 The queen he left behind him——

Hast. Ill befall

Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
 And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
 By Heav'n, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
 Did not the king,
 Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
 With his estates assembled, well determine
 What course the sov'reign should take hence
 forward?

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
 When shall our long-divided land have rest,
 If every peevish, moody malecontent
 Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
 Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
 Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?

Glost. What if some patriot, for the public good,
 Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the
 state?

Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it?
 Remember him, the villain, righteous Heav'n,
 In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
 And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
 For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
 Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Glost. You go too far, my lord.

Hast. Your highness' pardon——

Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
 When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles

When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
 And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
 Of horror and affright to passers by,
 Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein ;
 When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd ;
 When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd ;
 When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
 And swept away distinction ; peasants trod
 Upon the necks of nobles ; low were laid
 The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
 And desolation cover'd all the land ;
 Who can remember this, and not, like me,
 Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart [rors,
 Whose damn'd ambition would renew those hor-
 And set once more that scene of blood before us ?

Glost. How now ! so hot !

Hast. So brave and so resolv'd.

Glost. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
 That you could arm your hand against my life ? [it ;

Hast. I hope your highness does not think I mean
 No, Heav'n forefend that e'er your princely person
 Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Glost. Oh, noble Hastings ! Nay, I must embrace
 By holy Paul, y' are a right honest man ! [you :
 The time is full of danger and distrust,
 And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
 Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
 If, when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
 I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
 And live your king and country's best support :
 For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
 To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart should
 pay.

Oh, princely Gloster ! judge me not ungentle,
 Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
 If, when the public safety is in question,
 My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

Glost. Enough of this ; to deal in wordy compli-
 Is much against the plainness of my nature : [ment
 I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,
 And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
 Farewell, and be my friend. [*Exit.*

Hast. I am not read,
 Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
 To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
 The duke is surely noble ; but he touch'd me
 Ev'n on the tend'rest point ; the master-string
 That makes most harmony or discord to me.
 I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
 And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd ;
 Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
 Beyond myself, I prize my native land :
 On this foundation would I build my fame,
 And emulate the Greek and Roman name ;
 Think England's peace bought cheaply with my
 blood,
 And die with pleasure for my country's good.

Rowe.

SFORZA DUKE OF MILAN PLEADING HIS CAUSE
 BEFORE THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

Sforza. I COME not, emperor, t' invade thy mercy,
 By fawning on thy fortune ; nor bring with me
 Excuses, or denials. I profess
 (And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this instant
 That I am in thy power) I was thine enemy ;

Thy deadly and vow'd enemy, one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates ;
And with my utmost pow'rs, and deepest councils,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it :
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyself, and all men.

Now, give me leave,
(My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons
That made me so affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithful ; had supplies
Of men and monies from him ; and my hopes
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again :
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
(Nay must and will) his praise now, is as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes (poor compar'd to his
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing)
Are in thy fury burnt ; let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral ;
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base or unthankful.

If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies receiv'd ; or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards (which other nations

That, like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd and cherish'd
Where'er they found it) Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission : that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory ; for conquest
Over base foes is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and, witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's pow'r, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same :
My veins then did not swell with pride ; nor now
They shrink for fear.—Know, sir, that Sforza
Prepar'd for either fortune. [stands

But, if example

Of my fidelity to the French (whose honours,
Titles, and glory, are now mix'd with yours ;
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names)
Has pow'r t' invite you to make him a friend
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful, this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders (should your fortune
change,

Which now I wish not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may (not without hazard) force,
Bring freely to you : I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,

Which, in a city sack'd, call on Heaven's justice,
 And stop the course of glorious victories.
 And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
 That have in the late battle done best service,
 And are to be rewarded, I myself,
 According to their quality and merits,
 Will see them largely recompens'd.—I've said,
 And now expect my sentence.

Charles. Thou hast so far
 Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
 (For such I hold thee) and true constancy,
 Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm
 And privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
 Though in an enemy, it does command us
 To love and honour it.—By my future hopes,
 I'm glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
 Thou didst not borrow of Vice her indirect,
 Crooked, and abject means ; and for mine own,
 That (since my purposes must now be chang'd
 Touching thy life and fortunes) the world cannot
 Tax me of levity in my settled councils ;
 I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
 Nor servile flattery ; but forc'd unto it
 By a fair war of virtue.

All former passages of hate be buried ;
 For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
 And as a friend embrace it ; and so far
 I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
 That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
 I set thy crown once more upon thy head ;
 And do not only style thee duke of Milan,
 But vow to keep thee so ; yet, not to take
 From others to give only to thyself,
 I will not hinder your magnificence

To my commanders, neither will I urge it ;
 But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
 To be your own disposer. *Massinger.*

KINGS SHOULD LEARN IN ADVERSITY HOW TO
 ACT IN PROSPERITY.

ALFRED AND HERMIT.

Alf. THRICE happy hermit !
 Whom thus the heavenly 'habitants attend,
 Blessing thy calm retreat ; while ruthless war
 Fills the polluted land with blood and crimes,
 In this extremity of England's fate,
 Led by thy sacred character, I come
 For comfort and advice. Say what remains,
 What yet remains to save our prostrate country ?
 Nor scorn this anxious question even from me,
 A nameless stranger.

Her. Alfred, England's king,
 All hail !

Alf. Amazement ! In this russet hid,
 I deem'd my state beyond discovery's reach :
 How is it then to thee alone reveal'd ?

Her. Last night, when with a draught from that
 cool fountain

I had my wholesome sober supper crown'd ;
 As is my stated custom, forth I walk'd
 Beneath the solemn gloom and glittering sky,
 To feed my soul with prayer and meditation :
 And thus to inward harmony compos'd,
 That sweetest music of the grateful heart,
 Whose each emotion is a silent hymn,
 I to my couch retired. Straight on mine eyes

A pleasing slumber fell, whose mystic power
 Seal'd up my senses, but enlarg'd my soul.
 Led by those spirits, who disclose futurity,
 I liv'd through distant ages ; felt the virtue,
 The great, the glorious passions that will fire
 Remote posterity, when guardian laws
 Are by the patriot, in the glowing senate,
 Won from corruption ; when th' impatient arm
 Of liberty, invincible, shall scourge
 The tyrants of mankind—and when the deep,
 Through all her swelling waves, from pole to pole
 Shall spread the boundless empire of thy sons.
 I saw thee, Alfred, too—But o'er thy fortunes
 Lay clouds impenetrable.

Alf. To Heaven's will,
 In either fortune, mine shall ever bend
 With humblest resignation—Yet, O say,
 Does that unerring Providence, whose justice
 Has bow'd me to the dust ; whose ministers,
 Sword, fire, and famine, scourge this sinful land,
 This tomb of its inhabitants—does he
 Reserve me in his hand, the glorious instrument
 From fell oppression to redeem my country ?

Her. What mortal eye, by his immediate beam
 Not yet enlighten'd, dare presume to look [Hope,
 Through time's abyss ? But should the flatterer,
 Anticipating see that happy time,
 Those whiter moments—Prince, remember, then,
 The noble lessons by affliction taught :
 Preserve the quick humanity it gives,
 The pitying social sense of human weakness ;
 Yet keep thy generous fortitude entire.
 The manly heart, that to another's wo
 Is tender, as superior to its own.

Learn to submit : yet learn to conquer fortune.
 Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
 And offices of life : to life itself,
 With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose.
 Chief, let devotion to the sovereign mind,
 A steady, cheerful, absolute dependence
 On his best, wisest government, possess thee.

Alf. I thank thee, father : and O witness, Heav'n,
 Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth explores !
 That if not to perform my regal task ;
 To be common father of my people,
 Patron of honour, virtue, and religion ;
 If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
 His well-earned portion from the sons of rapine,
 And deal out justice with impartial hand ;
 If not to spread, on all good men, thy bounty,
 The treasures trusted to me, not my own ;
 If not to raise anew our English name,
 By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,
 And generous war to humble proud oppressors ;
 Yet more ; if not to build the public weal,
 On that firm base which can alone resist
 Both time and chance, on liberty and laws ;
 If not for these important ends ordain'd,
 May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England !

Her. Still may thy breast these sentiments retain,
 In prosperous life.

Alf. Could it destroy or change
 Such thoughts as these, prosperity were ruin.
 When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er mil-
 lions, [them,
 And showers profusely power and splendour on
 Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish ; when they,
 Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,

Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base, as they ?

Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven !

And of perfidious robbery to man ! [hold,

Her. Such thoughts become a monarch—but be-

The glimmering dusk, involving air and sky,

Creeps slow and solemn on. Devotion now,

With eye enraptur'd, as the kindling stars

Light, one by one, all heaven into a glow

Of living fire, adores the hand divine, [them.

Who form'd their orbs, and pour'd forth glory on

Alf. Then, this good moment, snatch'd from earth's

In yonder cell let us aright employ : [affairs

There, low on earth, as kneeling reverence bids,

To him our homage pay, with heart sincere,

Who bids affliction hope, and triumph fear :

Who, from the depth of ruin, yet may raise

This prostrate isle, and bless with better days.

Mallet.

GUSTAVUS AND DALECARLIANS.

1st Dale. LET us all see him !

2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.

3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th Dale. Our general.

5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can

6th Dale. Or hands to wield them. [be found.

7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus.

And. Do, my lord,

Gus. My countrymen !—

1st Dale. Ho ! hear him.

2d Dale. Peace !

3d Dale. Peace !

4th Dale. Peace !

Gus. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your hearts,
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and
deaths,

Thus sudden, thus unlook'd-for, stands before ye.
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come, [ful ;
From hearts that ne'er knew pity ; dark and venge-
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
And mother's age now grind beneath captivity :
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
Swept my great sire and kindred from my side ;
For them Gustavus weeps not, though my eyes
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.

But, Oh, great parent, when I think on thee !
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,
My widow'd country ! Sweden ! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage— [flow.
And vengeance that would choak them—tears will

And. Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
Practis'd to stab and smile ; to stab the babe
That smiles upon them.

Arn. What accursed hours
Roll o'er those wretches, who to fiends like these,
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for ?

Gus. Oh, Liberty, Heav'n's choice prerogative !
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself !
For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, sacred Liberty !
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring
ruin,

Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
 Leave courts, and poms, and palaces to slaves,
 Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.
 Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
 Of empire—offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
 With thee, I sought this fav'rite soil; with thee,
 'These fav'rite sons I sought; thy sons, Oh, Liberty!
 For ev'n amid the wilds of life you lead them,
 Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,
 Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain
 tops

Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty! Liberty!

Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
 Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world
 As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
 Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
 The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
 Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers,
 From the proud summit of their glitt'ring thrones,
 Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,
 That dar'd the bold infringement? What, but liberty,
 Through the fam'd course of thirteen hundred years,
 Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
 And sanctify'd their shade?—And will ye, will ye
 Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
 Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult,
 And in one hour give up to infamy
 The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

1st. Dale. No.

2d. Dale. Never, never.

3d Dale Perish all first.

4th. Dale. Die all!

Gus. Yes, die by piecemeal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph !
 Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
 To see ye fear'd ; to see, that ev'n your foes
 Do justice to your valours !—There they be,
 The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host,
 Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
 And Oh, when I look round and see you here,
 Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
 My heart swells high and burns for the encounter.
 True courage but from opposition grows :
 And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
 Match'd to the sinew of a single arm,
 That strikes for liberty ? That strikes to save
 His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
 His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,
 And his large honours from eternal infamy ?
 What doubt we then ? Shall we, shall we stand here
 Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
 And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
 To wake us to resistance ?—Let us on !
 Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience ;
 You shall not be withheld ; we will rush on them—
 This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
 Three kingdoms in our toil ! Is it not glorious,
 Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
 And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
 Flee to its fountain ? [more

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus ; one word
 Is but delay of conquest.

Gus. Take your wish.

He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,
 And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
 Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olans
 Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms !

With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
 And skirt the forest down : then wheel at once,
 Confess'd to view, and close upon the vale :
 Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
 Th' invincible Arvida gallant Sivard,
 Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
 Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
 Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
 Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts beat
 high ! [bands,
 Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our
 Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
 With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
 Each, singly, equal to an host of foes,
 I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
 They lift my limbs, as feather'd Hermes' light !
 Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high,
 Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his
 eye ! Brooke.

CONTENTS.

BOOK VIII.

DRAMATIC. PART II.

	Page
T HE Progress of Life - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 145
Reflections on the Vanity of Life - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 146
Hotspur's Description of a Fop - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 147
Queen Mab - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 148
Description of an Apothecary - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 150
The Jew's Expostulation - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Othello's Apology - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 151
Helen upbraiding Hermia - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 153
Hermione pleading her Innocence -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 154
Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 155
Lady Percy's Speech to her Husband -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 156
Queen Margaret upbraiding Queen Anne -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 157
Prince Henry's Soliloquy on Himself - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 158
His Speech on Hotspur's Death - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 159
His Character by his Father, - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
His Character when Henry V. - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 160
Henry V. to his Soldiers at the Battle of Agincourt.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 161
Henry V. to his Soldiers at the Siege of Harfleur.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 163
Brutus to the Conspirators - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 164
Antony's Soliloquy over Cæsar's Body -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 165
Antony's Funerai Oration - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 166
Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 168
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 169
Hamlet's Reflections on his own Irresolution	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 171
Soliloquy of the King in Hamlet - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 172
Macbeth's Irresolution - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 173
Macbeth's Soliloquy - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 174

CONTENTS.

	Page
Richard on his own Deformity - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 175
Soliloquy on Sleep - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 176
The Miseries of Royalty - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 177
The same subject - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 178
A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 180
The Earl of Warwick's Dying Speech -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 181
Lear's passionate Exclamation in the Tempest.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 182
A Mother's Ravings - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 183
Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 184
A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favourite Child.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 186
A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Real Grief - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 187
Immoderate Grief discommended -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 188
A noble Mind disordered - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Diseases of the Mind incurable -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 189
The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Counsel of no weight in Misery -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Thoughts ineffectual to moderate Affliction	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 190
Patience easier taught than practised -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 191
Consolation under Banishment -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 192
Character of a noble Courtier - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 193
On Flattery and Firmness of Mind -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
A Brother's Advice to a Sister - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
A Father's Advice to a Son going to travel	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 196
A Mother's Advice to a Son - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 197
Playfellows - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Youthful Friendship and Innocence -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 198
The Parting of Friends - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
A Father's Fondness for his Child -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 199
An affectionate Child - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
Ingratitude in a Child - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
An amiable Bride - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.
A Wife teaching the Duties of a Wife -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 200
The Mind alone valuable - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 202
The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> ib.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Honour due to personal Virtue not to Birth	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 203
Honour ought to be conferred on Merit alone	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 204
Virtue given to be exerted - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 205
Men should act worthily, regardless of Censure.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Adversity the Test of real Merit -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 206
Opportunity should be seized in all Affairs	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Honour more dear than Life - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 207
Continued Acts of Honour necessary to preserve its Lustre - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The Uses of Travel and Study -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 208
Laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conquest.	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 209
The Prognostics of War -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 210
The Miseries of War -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Description of Night in a Camp -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
A routed Army - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 212
The Horrors of a Conspiracy -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
King-killing detestable - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 214
Peace after Civil War - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
An oppressed Country - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 215
Good Example necessary in Rulers -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Reflections on a Crown - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 216
Prayer for a good King -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Loyalty - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The Mischief of Anarchy - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 217
Mob - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Popularity - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 218
Dislike of Popularity - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 219
The Method to gain popular Favour -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Flattering Sycophants - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 220
Cares of Greatness -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Greatness subject to Censure -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 221
Greatness contemptible when it declines	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Dependants not to be too much trusted	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
The Vanity of Trust in Man -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 222
Aim sile on ambitious Thoughts -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Vanity of Human Nature - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Vanity of Human Wishes - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 223

CONTENTS.

	Page
Reflections on Life - - -	Shakspeare. 223
Life demands Action - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
On Fortune - - -	Shakspeare. 224
A Friend forsaken - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Faithful Service - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Ingratitude - - -	Shakspeare. 225
Reputation - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Slander - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Calumny unavoidable - - -	Shakspeare. 226
A good Conscience - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
A guilty Conscience - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
A struggling Conscience - - -	Shakspeare. 227
A guilty Countenance - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Intents more excusable than Acts - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Silent Resentment deepest - - -	Shakspeare. 228
Ambition covered with specious Humility - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Anger - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Envy - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Fine Sentiment of Humanity on Repentance - - -	Shakspeare. 229
Hope - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Mercy - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Despondency - - -	Shakspeare. 230
Despair - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Glory - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Pride cures Pride - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
On Degree - - -	Shakspeare. 231
Against Duelling - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Rash Vows - - -	Shakspeare. 232
Resolution - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Against Delay - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Doubt - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Rustic Simplicity - - -	Shakspeare. 233
Blessings of a low Station - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
The Necessaries of Life few - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Affected Gravity - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
A merry Man - - -	Shakspeare. 234
Beauty - - -	Shakspeare. ib.
Concealed Love - - -	Shakspeare. 235
Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance - - -	Shakspeare. ib.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK VIII.

DRAMATIC. PART II.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts :
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
Shakspeare.

REFLECTIONS ON THE VANITY OF LIFE.

REASON thus with life :

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skiey influences,
 That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict; merely thou art Death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
 For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means va-
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork [liant;
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
 And what hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain ;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And Death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none ;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth
 But as it were an after-dinner's sleep, [nor age ;
 Dreaming on both ; for pall'd, thy blazed youth
 Becomes assuaged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied Eld ; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor bounty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life ? yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths ; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even. *Shakspeare.*

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

I REMEMBER, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword ;
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd ;
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
 He was perfumed like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ;

Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd, and talk'd;
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me : amongst the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with the wounds, being gall'd
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what :
 He should, or should not ; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman, [mark]
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds ; (God save the
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacity, for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly : and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

Shakspeare.

QUEEN MAB.

O THEN I see queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman ;
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the faries' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drum in his ears, at which he starts and wakes ;
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

Shakspeare.

DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

I do remember an apothecary,
 And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks ;
 Sharp Misery had worn him to the bones ;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes ;
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses
 Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
 Noting this penury to myself I said,
 An' if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 Oh, this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house.

Shakspeare.

 THE JEW'S EXPOSTULATION.

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft,
 On the Rialto you have rated me
 About my money and my usances.
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe !
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my jewish gabardine.
 And all for use of that, which is my own !

Well then, it now appears you need my help—
 Go to then—you come to me and you say,
 ‘Shylock, we would have monies’—you say so,
 You that did void your rheum upon my head,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold—Money is your suit—
 What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
 ‘Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats!’—or
 Shall I bend low, and, in a bondsman’s key,
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
 Say this, ‘Fair sir, you spit on me last Wednesday,
 You spurn’d me such a day; another time
 You called me dog, and for these courtesies
 I’ll lend you thus much monies!’ *Shakspeare.*

OTHELLO’S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approv’d good masters;
 That I have ta’en away this old man’s daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
 And little bless’d with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years’ pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us’d
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish’d tale deliver,

Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.———

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.
 I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
 To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by blood and field : [breach ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travel's history :
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle, [heav'n,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
 It was my hent to speak.—All these to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline.
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful——
 She wish'd she had not heard it ;——yet she wish'd
 That Heav'n had made her such a man:—she
 thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake ;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

Shakspeare.

HELENA UPBRAIDING HERMIA.

INJURIOUS Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision ?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us ; oh ! and is all forgot ?
 All school-days friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion ;
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition ;
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 — Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury. *Shakspeare.*

HERMIONE PLEADING HER INNOCENCE.

IF powers divine
 Behold our human actions, (as they do)
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
 False accusation blush, and tyranny
 Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
 Who least will seem to do so, my past life
 Hath been as innocent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
 And play'd to take spectators: for behold me,—
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince—here standing,
 To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
 'Tis a derivation from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so: since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strained, to appear thus? if one jot beyond

The bound of honour, or in act, or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my nearest kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave. *Shakspeare.*

QUEEN CATHARINE'S SPEECH TO HER HUSBAND.

SIR, I desire you, do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me, for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding—Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thou should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven wit-
I have been to you a true and humble wife, [ness,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I have contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, give notice,
He was from thence discharged.—Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report,

And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. *Shakspeare.*

LADY PERCY'S SPEECH TO HER HUSBAND.

O, MY good lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I, this fortnight, been,
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
 And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
 To thiek ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, 'Courage! to the field!' and thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents;
 Of pallisadoes, fortius, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see, when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, [these !
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Shakspeare.

QUEEN MARGARET UPBRAIDING QUEEN ANNE.

I CALL'D thee then vain flourish of my fortune ;
 I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
 The presentation of but what I was ;
 The flattering index of a direful page ;
 One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below ;
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
 A dream of what thou wast ; a gairish flag,
 To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous shot ;
 A sign of dignity ; a breath ; a bubble ;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
 Where be thy children ? Wherein dost thou joy ?
 Who sues and kneels, and says, ' God save the
 queen ?'
 Where be the bending peers, that flatter'd thee ;
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd by none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Shakspeare.

PRINCE HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON HIMSELF.

I KNOW you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness :
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
The sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promis'd,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Shakspeare.

PRINCE HENRY'S SPEECH ON HOTSPUR'S DEATH.

BRAVE Percy!—Fare thee well!
 Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough! this earth, that bears the dead,
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I would not make so great a show of zeal.
 But let my favour hide thy mangled face,
 And even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven;
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

Shakspeare.

 PRINCE HENRY'S CHARACTER BY HIS FATHER.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy
 brother?
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Clarence:
 Thou hast a better place in his affection,
 Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
 And noble offices thou may'st effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness, and thy other brethren.
 Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity :
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint ;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper therefore must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth ;
 But being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working.

Shakspeare

HIS CHARACTER, WHEN HENRY V.

THE breath no sooner left his father's body
 But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
 Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an angel, came,
 And whipt the offending Adam out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 T' envelope and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made :
 Never came reformation in a flood
 With such a heady current, scowring faults :
 Nor ever hydra-headed wilfulness so soon
 Did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.....
 Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire, the king were made a prelate.
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

.....
 You are much mistaken in this king.
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy;
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution:
 And you shall find, his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

Shakspeare.

SPERANZA SPERANZA

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE BATTLE OF
 AGINCOURT.

WHAT's he that wishes for more men from England?
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin,
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous of gold;
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith my lord, wish not a man from England :
 God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour,
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host:
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company,
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian :'
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 The feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household-words,
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury, and Glo'ster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son :
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he e'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were nothere ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

Shakspeare.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF
HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peacc there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility ;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger :
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war proof ;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn 'till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument :
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,
That those whom you call fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,

And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear [not:
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;
 I see you stand like greyhounds on the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot:
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
 Cry, 'God for Harry, England, and St. George.'

Shakspeare.

BRUTUS TO THE CONSPIRATORS.

No, not an oath: if that the fate of men,
 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
 And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
 Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? What other bond,
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not falter? And what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble warriors, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes, swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even purpose of our enterprise,

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath ; when ev'ry drop of blood
 That ev'ry Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that has past from him.

Shakspeare.

ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth !
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
 A curse shall light upon the line of men ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war :
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
 And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry, ' Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war.

Shakspeare.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S
BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason—Bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:—
See what a rent the envious Casca made:—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd:
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, oh you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls; what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.—
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To any sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honour-
 able ;
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
 I came, not friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :
 But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That give me public leave to speak of him :
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on :
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths !
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Shakspeare.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MAR-
 RIAGE.

OH that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! oh fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead ! nay, not so much ; not
So excellent a king, that was, to this, [two :

Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of Heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and Earth !

Must I remember——why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,

By what it fed on ; yet, within a month,——
Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is Woman !

A little month ! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears——Why, she, even she——
(O Heav'n ! a beast that wants discourse of reason,

Would have mourn'd longer——) married with
mine uncle,

My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month !——

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,

She married——Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Shakspeare.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be ?——that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep—
 No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
 The heartach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to:—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
 To sleep? perchance to dream;—ay, there's the
 rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life: [time,
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of th'
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Shakspeare.

HAMLET'S REFLECTIONS ON HIS OWN IRRESOLUTION.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unus'd : now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,) I do not know
Why yet I live to say, ' This thing's to do ;'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me ;
Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Make mouths at the invisible event ;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to stir without great argument ;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent danger of twenty thousand men,
That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,

Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot,
 Wherein the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain. *Shakspeare.*

SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

O, MY offence is rank, it smells to Heav'n ;
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
 A brother's murder ! Pray I cannot,
 Though inclination be as sharp as th' ill ;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force ;
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !
 That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and the queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' effects ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above :
 There, is no shuffling, there, the action lies

In its true nature : and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom, as black as death !
 O limed soul ! that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd ! help, angels ! make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees, and heart, with strings of
 steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
 All may be well. *Shakspeare.*

MACBETH'S IRRESOLUTION.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly : if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With it's surcease, success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here : that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor. Even-handed justice
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed : then as his host
 Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or Heav'n's cherubim, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other. *Shakspeare.*

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger which I see before me, [thee.—
 The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind; a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.—
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still;
 And on the blade of th' dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murder,

(Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf, [pace,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rds his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about ;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives—
 I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell.

Shakspeare.

RICHARD ON HIS OWN DEFORMITY.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings ;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
 And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,

That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them—
Why I, in this meek piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity :
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Shakspeare.

SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness !
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody !
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common larum bell ?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low! lie down;
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakspeare.

THE MISERIES OF ROYALTY.

O HARD condition, and twin-born with greatness,
 Subject to the breath of every fool, [ing!
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wring-
 What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy? And what have kings,
 That privates have not too, save ceremony,
 Save general ceremony?—
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony!
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
 What is thy toll, O adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men,
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing?
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation ?
 Will it give place to flexure and low-bending ?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
 knee,
 Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose :
 I am a king, that find thee ; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,
 That beats upon the high shore of this world—
 No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;
 Never sees horrid Night, the child of Hell ;
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse :
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave ;
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the forehand and 'vantage of a king.
Shakspeare.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

OF comfort no man speak ;
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the Earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ;
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death ;
And that same model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For Heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;
Some poison'd by their wives ; some sleeping kill'd ;
All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit ;
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable : and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and farewell king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence ; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;
For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live on bread like you, feel want like you ;
Taste grief, need friends, like you : subjected thus
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Shakspeare

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE HAPPIER THAN A KING'S.

O GOD! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live:
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours, must I tend my flock;
So many hours, must I take my rest;
So many hours, must I contemplate;
So many hours, must I sport myself;
So many days, my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yeau;
So many months, ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,

His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
Shakspeare.

THE EARL OF WARWICK'S DYING SPEECH.

AH, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
 And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
 Why ask I that? My mangled body shows;
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
 That I must yield my body to the earth, [shows
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
 Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading
 tree,
 And keep low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
 These eyes, that now are dimm'd with Death's black
 veil,
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,
 To search the secret treasons of the world.
 The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Ev'n now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Shakspeare.

LEAR'S PASSIONATE EXCLAMATION IN THE
TEMPEST.

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks, rage, blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout [cocks!
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires, [der,
 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thun-
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
 Crack Nature's mould, all germins spill at once
 That make ungrateful man !

Rumble thy bellyfull, spit fire, spout rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure.—Here I stand your brave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
 Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
 Thou art incestuous! caitiff, shake to pieces,
 That, under cover of convivial seeming,
 Has practis'd on man's life——Close-pent up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and ask
 Those dreadful summoners, grace!—I am a man
 More sinn'd against than sinning. *Shakspeare.*

A MOTHER'S RAVINGS.

I AM not mad ! this hair I tear, is mine ;
 My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife :
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
 I am not mad—I would to Heaven I were !
 For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself :
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget !
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal ;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad : too well, too well I feel
 The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

.....
 O amiable, lovely Death !
 'Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,
 And buss thee as thy wife ! misery's love,
 O, come to me !

.....
 Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven :

If that be, I shall see my boy again ;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of Heaven,
 I shall not know him : therefore, never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

.....
 Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words ;
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's care.

Shakspeare.

ARTHUR'S PATHETIC SPEECHES TO HUBERT.

METHINKS, nobody should be sad but I :
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
 So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be merry as the day is long,

.....

Have you the heart? when your head did but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
 And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
 Saying, 'What lack you?' and, 'Where lies your
 grief?'

Or, 'What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning: do, and if you will;
 If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did, nor ever shall,
 So much as frown on you?—

.....
 Alas! what need you be so boist'rous rough?
 I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
 For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.—
 Is there no remedy?

.....
 O Heaven! that there were but a moth in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Shakspeare.

A FATHER'S PASSION ON THE MURDER OF A
FAVOURITE CHILD.

O TIGER's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

.....
That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'

Shakspeare.

A FATHER LAMENTING HIS DAUGHTER'S INFAMY.

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would on the rearward of reproaches,
 Strike at thy life.—Griev'd I, I had but one?
 Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
 Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
 I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins.'
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud of; mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why she——O she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh! *Shakspeare.*

REAL GRIEF.

SEEMS, madam! nay, it is: I know not seems.
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play:
 But I have that within, which passeth show:
 These but the trappings and the suits of wo.
Shakspeare.

IMMODERATE GRIEF DISCOMMENDED.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Ham-
 To give these mourning duties to your father: [let,
 But, you must know, your father lost a father;
 That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
 In filial obligation, for some term
 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
 In obstinate condolment, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
 It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;
 A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
 An understanding simple and unschool'd;
 For what we know, must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense.
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,
 This must be so. *Shakspeare.*

A NOBLE MIND DISORDERED.

O WHAT a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
 Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 Th' observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music-vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. *Shakspeare.*

DISEASES OF THE MIND INCURABLE.

CANST thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Shakspeare.

THE DESIRE OF LOVED OBJECTS HRIGHTENED BY
THEIR LOSS.

FOR it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours. *Shakspeare.*

COUNSEL OF NO WEIGHT IN MISERY.

I PRAY thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience :

Measure his love the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
In sorrow wag ; cry hem ! when he should groan ;
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters : bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man ; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage ;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread ;
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel ;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Shakspeare.

THOUGHTS INEFFECTUAL TO MODERATE AFFLICTION.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?

O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Shakspeare.

PATIENCE EASIER TAUGHT THAN PRACTISED.

PATIENCE unmoved, no marvel though she pause ;
 They can be meek, that have no other cause :
 A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
 We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry :
 But, were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
 As much or more we should ourselves complain.

Shakspeare.

CONSOLATION UNDER BANISHMENT.

ALL places that the eye of Heaven visits,
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Think not the king did banish thee ;
 But thou the king : wo doth the heavier sit
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not the king exil'd thee. Or suppose,
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
 Suppose the singing-birds, musicians ;

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
floor ;

The flow'rs, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance :

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Shakspeare.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER'S PROPHECY.

LET me speak, sir,

For Heav'n now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

This royal infant (Heaven still move about her !)

Though in a cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be

(But few now living can behold that goodness)

A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never

More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,

Than this bless'd soul shall be. All princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this,

With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her ;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her ;

She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, [her ;

And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows

with her.

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,

Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

God shall be truly known : and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but, as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes now create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one
 (When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame, as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, ter-
 ror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him : our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

Shakspeare.

CHARACTER OF A NOBLE COURTIER.

I WOULD I had that corporal soundness now,
 As when thy father and myself in friendship
 First tried our soldiership ! He did look far
 Into the service of the time, and was
 Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long,
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me

The talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour :
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak ; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his imminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
In their poor praise he humbled ; such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Would I were with him !—He would always say
(Methinks I hear him now ; his plausible words
He scattered not in ears ; but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear) ‘ Let me not live’
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—‘ Let me not live,’ quoth he,
‘ After my flame lacks oil ; to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain : whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.’—This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
—Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room. *Shakspeare.*

ON FLATTERY AND FIRMLINESS OF MIND.

NAY, do not think I flatter :
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
 To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be
 flatter'd ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 She hath seal'd thee for herself : for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Has ta'en with equal thanks : and blest are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me the man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. *Shakspeare.*

A BROTHER'S ADVICE TO A SISTER.

FOR Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
 No more.

.....
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon ;
 Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :
 The canker galls the infants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd :
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

.....
 I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep
 As watchmen to my heart : but, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven ;
 Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own road. *Shakspeare.*

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO A SON, GOING TO
 TRAVEL.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,

Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, [ment.
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all, to thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakspeare.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO A SON.

BE thou blest, Bertram ! and succeed thy father
 In manners, as in shape ; thy blood and virtue
 Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
 Share with thy birth-right. Love all ; trust a few :
 Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key ; be check'd for silence,
 But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more
 will,
 That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
 Fall on thy head !

Shakspeare.

PLAYFELLOWS.

WE have still slept together ;
 Rose at an instant ; learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP AND INNOCENCE.

WE were, fair queen,
 Two lads that thought there was no more behind.
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.
 We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
 And bleat the one at the other ; what we chang'd,
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing ; nor dream'd,
 That any did : had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
 With stronger blood we should have answer'd
 Heaven
 Boldly—' Not guilty ;' the imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours. *Shakspeare.*

 THE PARTING OF FRIENDS.

I SAW Bassanio and Anthonio part :
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return : he answer'd, ' Do not so ;
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time :
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love.
 Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there.'
 And even there his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible,
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Shakspeare.

A FATHER'S FONDNESS FOR HIS CHILD.

IF at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
 He makes a July's day short as December :
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Shakspeare.

 AN AFFECTIONATE CHILD.

To see his nobleness !
 Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply :
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself !
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And downright languish'd.

Shakspeare.

 INGRATITUDE IN A CHILD.

INGRATITUDE ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
 Than the sea-monster !

Shakspeare.

 AN AMIABLE BRIDE.

THOUGH for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better : yet for you

I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
 more rich ;
 That only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me
 Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd ;
 Happy in this : she is not yet so old
 But she may learn ; happier than this, in that
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Shakspeare.

A WIFE TEACHING THE DUTIES OF A WIFE.

FIE ! fie ! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor ;
 It blots thy beauty, as frost bite the meads ;
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.
 A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labour both by sea and land ;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience :—
To little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great ; my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown :
But now I see our lances are but straws ;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare ;
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot ;
And place your hands beneath your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready—may it do him ease !

Shakspeare.

THE MIND ALONE VALUABLE.

WELL, come my Kate ; we will unto your father's,
 Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
 O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

Shakspeare.

THE DECEIT OF ORNAMENT OR APPEARANCES.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars ;
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk !
 And these assume but valour's excrement,

To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it.
 So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 T' entrap the wisest—Therefore thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge,
 'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I ; joy be the consequence !

Shakspeare.

HONOUR DUE TO PERSONAL VIRTUE, NOT TO
 BIRTH.

STRANGE is it, that our bloods, [together,
 Whose colour, weight, and heat, pour'd out
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
 In diff'rences so mighty. If she be
 All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
 —A poor physician's daughter——thou dislik'st
 Of virtue for the name. But do not so——
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honour ; good alone
 Is good without a name ; vileness is so :
 The property, by what it is, should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
 In these, to nature she's immediate heir ;
 And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the sire. Honours thrive
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers ; the mere word's a slave
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave ;
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. *Shakspeare.*



HONOUR OUGHT TO BE CONFERRED ON MERIT
 ALONE.

Who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices
 Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover, that stand bare !
 How many be commanded, that command !
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour ! and how much ho-
 nour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
 To be new-varnish'd ! *Shakspeare.*

VIRTUE GIVEN TO BE EXERTED.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
 That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold : thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
 Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues : nor nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use.

Shakspeare.

 MEN SHOULD ACT WORTHILY, REGARDLESS OF
 CENSURE.

If I am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
 As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new-trimm'd ; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
 State-statues only. *Shakspeare.*

ADVERSITY THE TEST OF REAL MERIT.

WHY then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
 And think them shames, which are indeed nought
 But the protractive trials of great Jove, [else
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love ; for then the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and pow'rful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Shakspeare.

OPPORTUNITY SHOULD BE SEIZED IN ALL
 AFFAIRS.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures. *Shakspeare:*

HONOUR MORE DEAR THAN LIFE.

MINE honour keeps the weather of my fate ;
 Life every man holds dear ; but the brave man
 Holds honour far more precious dear than life.
Shakspeare.

CONTINUED ACTS OF HONOUR NECESSARY TO
 PRESERVE ITS LUSTRE.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great siz'd monster of ingritudes : [vour'd
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are de-
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost—
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,

O'er-run and trampled on ; when what they do in
 present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours ;
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand :
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer : welcome even smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
 seek

Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
 That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er dusted.

The present eye praises the present object.

Shakspeare.

THE USES OF TRAVEL AND STUDY.

TRANIO, since—for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
 I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
 With his good will, and thy good company,
 My trusty servant, well approv'd in all :
 Here let us breathe, and happily institute
 A course of learning and ingenious studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,

Gave me my being, and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vicentio, come of the Bentivolii.
 Vicentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
 Tell me thy mind : for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come ; as he that leaves
 A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Shakspeare.

LAUDABLE AMBITION FOR FAME AND TRUE
 CONQUEST.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
 When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
 Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen
 And make us heirs of all eternity. [edge,
 Therefore, brave conquerors ! for so you are
 That war against your own affections,
 And the huge army of the world's desires ;—
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world :
 Our court shall be a little academe.
 Still and contemplative in living art.

Shakspeare.

THE PROGNOSTICS OF WAR.

THE bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of Heaven ;
 The pale-fac'd Moon looks bloody on the Earth ;
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change :
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.
Shakspeare.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

HER vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies : her hedges even pleach'd
 Like prisoners, widely overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas,
 The darnel, hemloc, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate such savagery :
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness : and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
Shakspeare.

DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT IN A CAMP.

FROM camp to camp, through the foul womb of
 The hum of either army stilly sounds, [night,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive

The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll :
And, the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd,
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank lean checks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing Moon
So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile ;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and country-
Upon his royal face there is no note [men
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the wary and all-watched night :
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;

That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks ;
 A largess universal, like the Sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear. *Shakspeare.*

A ROUTED ARMY.

No blame be to you, sir : for all was lost,
 But that the Heavens fought : the king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a straight lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear ; that the straight pass was
 damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Shakspeare.

THE HORRORS OF A CONSPIRACY.

I HAD a thing to say—but let it go :
 The Sun is in the Heaven ; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs :

Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
 (Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes ;)
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words :
 Then in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;
 But, ah ! I will not.



BETWEEN the acting of a dreadful thing,
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The genius, and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.



O, CONSPIRACY !

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
 When evils are most free ? O, then, by day
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
 To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none,
 Hide it in smiles and affability ; [racy ;
 For if thou path, thy native semblance on, Conspi-
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

Shakspeare.

KING-KILLING DETESTABLE.

To do this deed

Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear it. *Shakspeare.*

 PEACE AFTER CIVIL WAR.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies;
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

Shakspeare.

AN OPPRESSED COUNTRY.

ALAS ! poor country ;
 Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile :
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the
 air,
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken. *Shakspeare.*

 GOOD EXAMPLE NECESSARY IN RULERS.

HE, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
 Should be as holy as severe ;
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
 More or less to others paying,
 Than by self offences weighing :
 Shame to him whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking !
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice and let his grow !
 O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side !
 How may that likeness, made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw with idle spider's strings,
 Most pond'rous and substantial things !
Shakspeare.

REFLECTIONS ON A CROWN.

O POLISH'D perturbation ! golden care !
 That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night—sleep with it now !
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty !
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety.

Shakspeare.

 PRAYER FOR A GOOD KING.

MAY he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be !
 And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Shakspeare.

 LOYALTY.

MINE honesty and I begin to square.
 The loyalty, well held to fools does make
 Our faith mere folly : yet, he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

Shakspeare.

THE MISCHIEF OF ANARCHY.

My soul aches,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other. *Shakspeare.*

MOB.

WHAT would you have, you curs!
 That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
 Where he should find you lions, find you hares,
 Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
 ness,
 Deserves your hate: and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!—
 trust ye?
 With every minute you do change a mind;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile that was your garland.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gust ;
 Such is the lightness of your common men.

AN habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many, with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
 And, being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

Shakspeare

POPULARITY.

ALL tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
 Are spectacted to see him. Your prattling nurse
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clamb'ring the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, win-
 dows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions ; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were silyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture. *Shakspeare.*

DISLIKE OF POPULARITY.

I LOVE the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause and aves vehement :
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
 That does affect it. *Shakspeare..*

 THE METHOD TO GAIN POPULAR FAVOUR.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
 And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
 them,)
 Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
 Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart
 Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
 That will not hold the handling : or say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft sway, which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs so far,
 As thou hast power and person.

OURSELF, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
 Observ'd his courtship to the common people :
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar courtesy ;
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
 Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,

And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere to banish their effects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench ;
 A brace of draymen bid—' God speed him well,'
 And had the tribute of his supple knee :
 With—' Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
 As were our England in reversion his, [friends ;
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Shakspeare.

FLATTERING SYCOPHANTS.

THAT such a slave as this should wear a sword,
 Who wears no honesty ! such smiling rogues as
 these,
 Like rats, oft bite the holy eords in twain [passion,
 Which are too intrinee t' unloose : soothe ev'ry
 That in the nature of their lords rebels :
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods.
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters ;
 As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Shakspeare.

CARES OF GREATNESS.

PRINCES have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil,
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares ;
 So that between their titles and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Shakspeare.

GREATNESS SUBJECT TO CENSURE.

O PLACE and greatness! millions of false eyes
 Are struck upon thee; volumes of report
 Run with these false and most contrarious quests
 Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dream,
 And rack thee in their fancies.

Shakspeare.

GREATNESS CONTEMPTIBLE WHEN IT DECLINES.

'TIS certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
 Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
 Show not their mealy wings but to the summer:
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
 That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them is slippery too,
 Do one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall.

Shakspeare.

DEPENDENTS NOT TO BE TOO MUCH TRUSTED BY GREAT
MEN.

THIS from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye.

Shakspeare.

THE VANITY OF TRUST IN MAN.

O MOMENTARY grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Shakspeare.

A SIMILE ON AMBITIOUS THOUGHTS.

WHY, then, I do but dream on sov'reignty ;
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore, where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye !
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 Saying—he'll lade it dry, to have his way.

Shakspeare.

VANITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

OUR revels now are ended : these our actors
 (As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabric of th' air-vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind ! We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakspeare.

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs
 Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
 By losing of our prayers.

Shakspeare.

REFLECTIONS. ON LIFE.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale,
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Shakspeare.

LIFE DEMANDS ACTION.

O GENTLEMEN, the time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

Shakspeare.

ON FORTUNE.

WILL fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food—
 Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach—such the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Shakspeare.

 A FRIEND FORSAKEN.

As we do turn our bæcks
 From our companion thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.

Shakspeare.

 FAITHFUL SERVICE.

IN your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful negligent,
 It was my folly: if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest; these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of.

Shakspeare.

Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
 This viperous slander enters.

Shakspeare.

CALUMNY UNAVOIDABLE.

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure 'scape : back-wounding calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
 Can tie the gall up in the sland'rous tongue ?

BE thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
 Thou shalt not escape calumny.

Shakspeare.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?
 Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just :
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakspeare.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

O, IT is monstrous ! monstrous !
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it :
 The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper. It did bass my trespass.
Shakspeare.

A STRUGGLING CONSCIENCE.

THE colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Shakspeare.

A GUILTY COUNTENANCE.

UPON the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

THIS is the man should do the bloody deed ;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.
Shakspeare.

INTENTS MORE EXCUSABLE THAN ACTS.

HIS act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Shakspeare.

SILENT RESENTMENT DEEPEST.

SMOOTH runs the water where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

Shakspeare.

AMBITION COVERED WITH SPECIOUS HUMILITY.

BUT 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Shakspeare.

ANGER.

To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Shakspeare.

ENVY.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Shakspeare.

FINE SENTIMENT OF HUMANITY ON REPENTANCE.

HAST thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part ; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. *Shakspeare.*

HOPE.

THE miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.

TRUE hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings :
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Shakspeare.

MERCY.

WILT thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Shakspeare.

DESPONDENCY. .

THERE'S nothing in this world can make me joy :
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Shakspeare.

DESPAIR.

IF thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam,
 To hang thee on : or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.

Shakspeare.

GLORY.

GLORY is like a circle in the water ;
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Shakspeare.

PRIDE CURES PRIDE.

PRIDE hath no other glass
 To show itself, but pride : for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Shakspeare.

ON DEGREE.

TAKE but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead :
 Force would be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will to inappetite ;
 And appetite, a universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce a universal prey,
 And last eat up itself. *Shakspeare.*

 AGAINST DUELLING.

YOUR words have took such pains, as if they la-
 bour'd
 To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrel-
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed, [ling
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world,
 When sects and factions were but newly born.
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his
 wrongs
 His outsides : to wear them, like his raiment, care-
 lessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger. *Shakspeare.*

RASH VOWS.

THE gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
 They are polluted offerings more abhorr'd
 Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

Shakspeare.

RESOLUTION.]

OUR doubts are traitors ;
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt.

Shakspeare.

AGAINST DELAY.

LET's take the instant by the forward top ;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals, ere we can effect them.

COME, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Shakspeare.

DOUBT.

THE wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst.

Shakspeare.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

I WAS not much afeard : for once or twice,
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on all alike. *Shakspeare.*

BLESSINGS OF A LOW STATION.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow. *Shakspeare.*

THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE FEW.

O, REASON not the deed : our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest things superfluous :
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's. *Shakspeare.*

AFFECTED GRAVITY.

THERE are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond :
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, 'I am sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.'

O, my Antonio, I do know of those,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,
 If they should hear, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
 I'll tell thee more of this another time : [fools,
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Shakspeare.

A MERRY MAN.

A MERRIER man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Shakspeare.

BEAUTY.

MY beauty, though but mean,
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Nor uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Shakspeare.

CONCEALED LOVE.

SHE never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
 And with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. *Shakspeare.*

 VIRTUOUS LOVE'S PROTECTION AND RELIANCE.

YOUR virtue is my privilege for that.
 It is not night when I do see your face,
 'Therefore I think I am not in the night:
 Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
 For you in my respect are all the world,
 Then how can it be said, I am alone,
 When all the world is here to look on me?
Shakspeare.

 SILENCE OF INNOCENCE ELOQUENT.

THE silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails. *Shakspeare.*

 OLD AGE.

NOT know my voice! O time's extremity,
 Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
 In seven short years, that here my only son
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
 Yet hath my night of life some memory ;
 My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left ;
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
 All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—
 Tell me, thou art my son.

I HAVE liv'd long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the scar, the yellow leaf ;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have : but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Shakspeare.

AGAINST THE FEARS OF DEATH.

O, I DO fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,
 Lest thou a fev'rous life shouldst entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
 The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
 And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
 In corp'ral sufferance feels a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.

AH, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;

This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.



COWARDS die many times before their death ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange, that men should fear
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

Shakspeare.



MESSANGER WITH ILL NEWS.

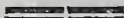
YEA, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
 So looks the strond whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Thou tremblest: and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so wo-begone,

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd:

I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
The tongue offends not that reports his death :
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Shakspeare.



DESCRIPTION OF A SLEEPING MAN ABOUT TO BE DEVoured BY A SNAKE AND A LIONESS.

UNDER an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had writh'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush ; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

Shakspeare.

DESCRIPTION OF A BEGGARLY CONJURER.

A HUNGRY, lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer:
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face as 'twere outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possest. *Shakspeare.*

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN SWIMMING ASHORE.

I SAW him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
 To th' shore: that o'er his way-worn basis bow'd,
 As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
 He came alive to land. *Shakspeare.*

DESCRIPTION OF OPHELIA'S DROWNING.

THERE is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
 There with fantastic garlands did she come,
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name to,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
 There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
 wide,

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and endued
 Unto that element ; but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Shakspeare.

DESCRIPTION OF A FLEET UNDER SAIL.

SUPPOSE, that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,
 Play with your fancies : and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing :
 Hear the shrill-whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge.

Shakspeare.

DESCRIPTION OF CLEOPATRA SAILING DOWN THE
CYDNUS.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that [silver:
 The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavillion (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks, which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.
 Her gentlewomen like the Nereids,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
 And made their bends adorning. At the helm,
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Shakspeare.

DESCRIPTION OF DOVER CLIFF.

COME on, sir ; here's the place :—stand still :—
how fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low !
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high : I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Shakspeare.

 MOON-LIGHT.

THIS night, methinks, is but the day-light sick ;
It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day.
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Shakspeare.

 MOON-LIGHT AND MUSIC.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank ?
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night

Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica ; look, how the floor of Heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

—I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

—The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet pow'r of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

Shakspeare.

NIGHT.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in wo,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-yard paths to glide.
And we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house ;
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea ;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades'
That drag the tragic melancholy night ;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flapping wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Shakspeare.

THE SUN RISING AFTER A DARK NIGHT.

KNOW'ST thou not,
 That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody here :
 But when from under this terrestrial ball
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
 backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
Shakspeare.

 HOUNDS AND HUNTING.

I WAS with Hercules and Cadmus once,
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
 With hounds of Sparta ; never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry ; I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
 My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
 Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian bulls,
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tunable
 Was never halloa'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.
Shakspeare.

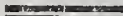
A GALLANT WARRIOR.

I SAW young Harry—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
 Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Shakspeare.



THE CHARACTER OF BRUTUS.

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all :
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did, in envy of great Cæsar ;
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle ; and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, ' This was a man !'
Shakspeare.



THE CHARACTER OF TROILUS.

THE youngest son of Priam, a true knight.
 Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word ;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
 calm'd :
 His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
 For what he has, he gives ; what thinks, he shows ;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath :
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love. *Shakspeare.*

HECTOR IN BATTLE.

I HAVE, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 Through ranks of Greekish youths : and I have
 seen thee,
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Despising many forfeits and subduments, [air,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the
 Nor letting it decline on the declin'd ;
 That I have said to some my standers-by,
 ' Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !'
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. *Shakspeare.*

PROLOGUE TO HENRY IV.

Enter Rumour, painted full of Tongues.

OPEN your ears : for which of you will stop
 The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks ?
 I from the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,

Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory ;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword ;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty sick : the post comes tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
'Than they have learn'd of me ; from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs.

Shakspeare.

PROLOGUE TO HENRY V.

O, FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object : Can this Cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million ;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work :
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
Perilous, the narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance :
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth :
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years

Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.
Shakspeare.

CATO'S ADVICE TO HIS FRIENDS.

REMEMBER, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
 The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
 From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
 (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood :)
 O let it never perish in your hands !
 But piously transmit it to your children.
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
 And make our lives in thy possession happy,
 Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.
Addison.

CATO'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

PORTIUS, draw near : my son, thou oft hast seen
 Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
 Wrestling with vice and faction : now thou seest me
 Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success :
 Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great censor toil'd with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
 In humble virtues, and a rural life ;
 There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome,

Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Addison.

THE PLAGUE DESCRIBED.

THE raw damps

With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their pestilential colds and rheums
Through all the lazy air. Hence murrains follow
On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds.

At last the faithful malady grew more domestic,
And the faithful dog
Died at his master's feet ; and next his master :
For all those plagues which earth and air had
brooded,

First on inferior creatures tried their force,
And last they seiz'd on man :
And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd,
And every dart took place. All was so sudden,
That scarce a first man fell. One but began
To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too ;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,
Dropp'd in the pious act. Heard you that groan ?
A troop of ghosts took flight together there !
Now death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For single stakes, but families and tribes.

With dead and dying men our streets are cover'd,
And earth exposes bodies on the pavements
More than those she hides in graves.
Between the bride and bridegroom have I seen
The nuptial torch do common offices
Of marriage and of death. Cast round your eyes,

Where late the streets were so thick sown with men,
 Like Cadmus' brood, they jostled for their passage ;
 Now look for those erected heads, and see them,
 Like pebbles, paving all our public ways.

Dryden.

THE SOLEMNITY OF THE TEMPLE OR MANSION OF
 THE DEAD.

ALL is hush'd, and still as death—'Tis dreadful !
 How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
 Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
 And terror on my aching sight : the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice—
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
 Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Congreve.

DESCRIPTION OF A POPULOUS CITY.

THIS ancient city,
 How wanton sits she amidst nature's smiles !
 Nor from her highest turret has to view
 But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes,
 A waste of wealth, the storehouse of the world.
 Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight ;
 There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream ;
 While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
 Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
 Float on the waves, and break against the shore.

.....Various nations meet
 As in the sea, yet not confin'd in space,
 But streaming freely through the spacious streets,
 Which send forth millions at each brazen gate ;
 Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
 On the broad walls the chariots bound along.
Young.

RURAL COURTSHIP.

HE preferr'd me
 Above the maidens of my age and rank ;
 Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
 I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave ;
 And all his gifts, though small, yet spoke his love.
 He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
 The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes :
 He taught a prating stare to speak my name ;
 And when he found a nest of nightingales,
 Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me,
 And let me take 'em out. *Dryden.*

DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON LEFT ON A DESERT
 ISLAND.

NEXT night—a dreary night !
 Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
 Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
 These ruffians left me.
Beneath a shade
 I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
 More desolate at heart than e'er I felt
 Before ; when Philomela o'er my head
 Began to tune her melancholy strain,
 As piteous of my woes : till, by degrees,

Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
 A kind but short relief. At early morn,
 Wak'd by the chant of birds, I look'd around
 For usual objects : objects found I none,
 Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
 And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

Thomson.

THE FIRST FEATS OF A YOUNG EAGLE.

So the Eagle,
 That bears the thunder of our grandsire Jove,
 With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
 Forsake the nest, to try his tender pinions
 In the wide untrack'd air ; till, bolder grown,
 Now, like a whirlwind, on a shepherd's fold
 He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey ;
 Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
 Eager of combat, and his future feast,
 Bears him aloft reluctant, and in vain
 Wreathing his spiry tail.

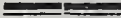
Rowe.

THE TRUE END OF EDUCATION.

AND therefore wert thou bred to virtuous know-
 ledge,
 And wisdom early planted in thy soul,
 That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions,
 To bind their rage and stay their headlong course ;
 To bear with accidents, and every change
 Of various life ; to struggle with adversity ;
 To wait the leisure of the righteous gods,
 Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
 Shall bid their better days come forth at once.

Yes! let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

Thomson.



BAD FORTUNE MORE EASILY BORNE THAN GOOD.

WITH such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest ;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

Rowe.



DESPAIR NEVER TO BE INDULGED.

THOUGH plung'd in hills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair :
When press'd by dangers, and beset by foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose ;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.

Phillips.



**HAPPINESS THE INSEPARABLE COMPANION OF
VIRTUE.**

To be good is to be happy ; angels
Are happier than men, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind [this,
With whips and stings : the bless'd know none of
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness.

Rowe.

HONOUR SUPERIOR TO JUSTICE.

HONOUR, my lord, is much too proud to catch
 At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
 These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well ;
 But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
 Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
 Stand at another bar than that of laws. *Thomson.*

THE TRUE END OF LIFE.

WHO, who would live, my Narva, just to breathe
 This idle air, and indolently run,
 Day after day, the still returning round
 Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys ?
 But in the service of mankind to be
 A guardian god below ; still to employ
 The mind's brave ardour in heroic arms,
 Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,
 And make us shine for ever—that is life.
Thomson.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

REFLECT, that life and death, affecting sounds,
 Are only varied modes of endless being.
 Reflect, that life, like every other blessing,
 Derives its value from its use alone ;
 Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,
 Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
 When inconsistent with a greater good,

Reason commands us to cast the less away ;
 Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
 And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

Johnson.

CHARACTER OF AN EXCELLENT MAN.

How could my tongue
 Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!
 How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
 Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy
 And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble!
 Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
 In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

Rowe.

VIRTUE THE TRUE SOURCE OF NOBILITY.

I TELL thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
 Of Reason, Valour, Liberty, and Virtue,
 Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
 Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,
 Sprung from the dust, or where had been our ho-
 nours ?

And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
 In yon immortal city, that, when most
 Depress'd by fate, and near apparent ruin,
 Returns, as with an energy divine,
 On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from her.

Thomson.

A WORTHLESS PERSON CAN CLAIM NO MERIT
FROM THE VIRTUES OF HIS ANCESTORS.

WERE honour to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest; and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdu'd
The world by arms and virtue.
But that be their own praise;
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undescriber.

Rowe.

VIRTUE PREFERABLE TO RANK.

WHAT though no gaudy titles grace my birth;
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sy-
cophants:
Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me more
Than e'er a king did when he made a lord.

Rowe.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

GREAT minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing
good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.

Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
 She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise,
 But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

Rowe.

PRUDENCE.

LET US

Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,
 As well as manly firmness.

'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,
 When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
 And execute her will, from a strong sense
 Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
 Of heat and passion, which, though honest, bear us
 Often too far.

Thomson.

NO DIFFICULTIES INSUPERABLE TO THE PRUDENT
 AND BRAVE.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
 By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
 Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
 And make th' impossibility they fear.

Rowe.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF MISFORTUNE.

IF misfortune comes, she brings along
 The bravest virtues. And so many great
 Illustrious spirits have convers'd with wo,
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough
 To consecrate distress, and make ambition
 Ev'n wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

Thomson.

IN WHAT PHILOSOPHY REALLY CONSISTS.

PHILOSOPHY consists not
In airy schemes or idle speculations.
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but hers is false and rotten ;
All valour not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from Hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.
Thomson.

PROVIDENCE.

THERE is a Pow'r
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould ;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt when, wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.
Thomson.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE ways of Heaven are dark and intricate :
 Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd with errors,
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Addison.

 THE HAPPINESS OF A FREE GOVERNMENT.

IF there be any land, as Fame reports, [ject,
 Where common laws restrain the prince and sub-
 A happy land, where circulating pow'r
 Flows through each member of th' embodied state ;
 Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
 Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue ;
 Untainted with the lust of innovation,
 Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
 Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
 That links the jarring elements in peace.

Johnson.

 A FRIEND TO FREEDOM CAN NEVER BE A
 TRAITOR.

HE who contends for freedom,
 Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe :
 No! 'Tis the wretch who tempts him to subvert it,
 The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
 Who best deserves that name ; he is a worm
 That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

Thomson.

IN WHAT MANNER PRINCES OUGHT TO BE TAUGHT.

LET truth and virtue be their earliest teachers ;
Keep from their ear the siren-voice of Flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot form of Vice,
Who spread in every court their silken snares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct them,
Superior rank demands superior worth ;
Pre-eminence of valour, justice, mercy :
But chief, that, though exalted o'er mankind,
They are themselves but men—frail suffering dust,
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt, but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd
By the same cold, torn by the same disease,
That scorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beggar.
Mallet.

TRUE END OF ROYALTY.

O WITNESS, Heaven !
Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth explores,
That if not to perform my regal task,
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue and religion ;
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,
And deal out justice with impartial hand ;
If not to spread on all good men thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own ;
If not to raise anew our English name,

By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,
 And generous war, to humble proud oppressors :
 Yet more, if not to build the public weal
 On that firm base, which can alone resist
 Both time and chance, fair liberty and law ;
 If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—
 May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

Mallet.

THE REAL DUTY OF A KING.

'TIS true I am a king :
 Honour and glory too have been my aim :
 But though I dare face death and all the dangers
 Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
 Yet could I choose to fix my name by peace,
 By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise
 My trophies on the blessings of mankind :
 Nor would I buy the empire of the world
 With ruin of the people whom I sway,
 Or forfeit of my honour.

Rowe.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD KING.

YES, we have lost a father !
 The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
 And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
 A good, a worthy king !—Hear me, my Tancred !
 And I will tell thee in a few plain words,
 How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
 'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
 He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children,

The good exalted, and depress'd the bad :
 He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected
 Their smooth advice, that only means themselves,
 Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness,
 Well knowing, that a people, in their rights
 And industry protected, living safe
 Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,
 Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours,
 And happy each as he himself deserves,
 Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
 They will for him provide: their filial love
 And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
 And every honest man his faithful guard.

Thomson.

THE GUILT OF BAD KINGS.

WHEN those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er mil-
 lions,
 And show'rs profusely pow'r and splendour on them,
 Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish : when they,
 Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
 Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
 Is there a wretch they rule so base as they ?
 Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven,
 And of perfidious robbery to man !

Mallet.

THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY THE GREATEST
 VIRTUE.

His only plot was this : that much provok'd,
 He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country :

And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him
 Even by the hands of those for whom he fought.
 Whatever private views and passions plead,
 No cause can justify so black a deed:
 These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
 May darken reason and her course control ;
 But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
 Must from the treach'rous gulf with horror fly,
 On whose wide wave by stormy passions tost,
 So many helpless wretches have been lost.
 Then be this truth the star by which we steer :
 Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

Thomson.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

LEARN hence, ye Romans! on how sure a base
 The patriot builds his happiness ; no stroke,
 No keenest, deadliest shaft of adverse fate
 Can make his generous bosom quite despair,
 But that alone by which his country falls.
 Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
 And nature suffer when our children bleed :
 Yet still superior must that hero prove,
 Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

Whitehead.

DESCRIPTION OF A TRIUMPH.

HE comes, and with a port so proud
 As if he had subdu'd the spacious world :
 And all Sinope's streets are filled with such
 A glut of people, you would think some god

Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd,
 That he might make his entrance on their heads !
 While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
 Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,
 That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors,
 And the whole city seems like one vast meadow
 Set all with flow'rs, as a clear Heaven with stars.
 Nay, as I have heard, ere he the city enter'd,
 Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs ;
 The very trees bore men : and as our god,
 When from the portal of the East he dawns,
 Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs,
 To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
 And prune their feathers in his golden beams ;
 So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
 Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
 Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
 Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
 Pointing Ziphares out, to make them smile ;
 And climbing boys stood on their father's shoulders,
 Answering their shouting sires with tender cries,
 To make the concert up of general joy. *Lee.*

SCIPIO RESTORING THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS TO HER
 ROYAL LOVER.

WHAT with admiration
 Struck every heart, was this : a noble virgin,
 Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
 Was mark'd the gen'ral's prize. She wept and
 blush'd,
 Young, fresh and blooming like the morn. An eye,
 As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
 Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd

Her features, and infus'd enchantment through them;
 Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence
 Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on purpose
 By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind
 Might see the virtue of a hero tried
 Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
 Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
 Where gentle sorrows swell'd, and now and then
 Dropp'd o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
 The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
 Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himself,
 As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat,
 Turn'd from the dang'rous sight, and chiding ask'd
 His officers, if by this gift they meant
 To cloud his virtue in its very dawn?

.....
 She, question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
 With tears, and blushes broken, told her tale.
 But when he found her royally descended,
 Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
 And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
 Her lover, and belov'd, forgot his chains,
 His lost dominions, and for her alone
 Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
 Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, godlike Roman
 Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
 His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting
 pow'r
 Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
 He for her parents and her lover call'd.
 The various scene imagine; how his troops
 Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
 While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants lay,
 Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,

Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
 Anxiety, and love, in every shape ;
 To these as different sentiments succeeded,
 As mix'd emotions : when the man divine
 Thus the dread silence to the lover broke :
 ' We both are young, both charm'd. The right of
 war
 Has put thy beauteous mistress in my pow'r,
 With whom I could in the most sacred ties
 Live out a happy life: but know that Romans
 Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
 Then take her to thy soul ; and with her take
 Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
 I ask but this : when you behold these eyes,
 These charms, with transport, be a friend to Rome.
Thomson.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

O BEAUTEOUS Peace!

Sweet union of a state ! what else but thou
 Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people ?
 I bow, lord constable, beneath the snow
 Of many years ; yet in my breast revives
 A youthful flame. Methinks I see again
 'Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle
 Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
 Worse than our Etna's most destructive fires,
 It desolated sunk. I see our plains
 Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest :
 Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
 With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh ;
 Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.

Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

Thomson.

THE KILLING OF A BOAR.

FORTH from the thicket rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high ;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back ;
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey ;
Till, brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Otway.

A LION OVERCOME BY A MAN.

THE prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gauntlets.
At last the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd :
The flames which from his eye shot glaring red,
Made the Sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death.
The prince walk'd forward : the large beast descried
His prey ; and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him : but Lysimachus,
Starting aside, avoided his first stroke
With a slight hurt, and, as the lion turn'd,

Thrust gauntlet, arm, and all, into his throat :
 Then with Herculean force tore forth by the roots
 The foaming, bloody tongue ; and while the savage,
 Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
 To plough it with his teeth, your conqu'ring soldier
 Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.
Lee.

DESCRIPTION OF A HAG.

IN a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
 I spied a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself ;
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
 Cold palsy shook her head, her hand seem'd wither'd,
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
 The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her earsass from the cold ;
 So there was nothing of a piece about her.
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
 With different colour'd rags, black, red, white,
 yellow,
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
Otway.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

WISH'D morning's come ; and now upon the plains
 And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day :
 The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd serip
 Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
 With much content and appetite he eats,

To follow in the field his daily toil,
 And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits :
 The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up ;
 And, looking tow'rd's the neighbouring pastures,
 raise
 Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes, good-
 morrow :
 The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
 Assemble all in choirs ; and with their notes
 Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.

Otway.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

FROM amber shrouds I see the morning rise ;
 Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies ;
 And now the city emmets leave their hive,
 And rousing hinds to cheerful labour drive ;
 High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
 And nature smiles upon the mountain brow :
 The joyful birds salute the Sun's approach :
 The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach ;
 While from the car his dropping gems distil,
 And all the Earth and all the Heavens do smile.

Lce.

THE CHARMING NOTES OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

THUS, in some poplar shade, the nightingale
 With piercing moans does her lost young bewail :
 Which the rough hind, observing as they lay
 Warm in their downy nest, had stolen away :

But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, though all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain.

Lee.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

So when the Spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build ;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood,
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow :
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no more ;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

Rowe.

NORVAL'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

My name is Norval : on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles : and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This Moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,

Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took: then hasted to my friends;
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps;
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these tow'rs;
 And, Heaven directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Home.

NORVAL RELATES BY WHAT MEANS HE ACQUIRED
 A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ART OF WAR.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him: the cold earth his bed,

Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him ; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth ;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping infidel display'd
The Cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters :
Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts ;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and phalanx firm ;
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.
———Unhappy man !

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought ;
The stranger fell ; and with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. 'Mighty God !'
The soldier cry'd, ' my brother ! O my brother !'
——They exchang'd forgiveness :
And happy, in my mind, was he that died ;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,

Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,
 Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
 And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Home.



NORVAL'S SOLILOQUY IN THE WOOD, WAITING FOR
 LADY RANDOLPH, AFTER HE WAS KNOWN TO BE
 HER SON.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove,
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood:
 How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
 The silver Moon, unclouded, holds her way
 Through skies, where I could count each little star.
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

.....
 Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
 Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
 Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil;
 Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flow'rs.
 Ye glorious stars! high Heaven's resplendent host!
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
 Hear, and record my soul's unalter'd wish!

Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
 May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
 To give a bold defiance to our host!
 Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Home.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene and be what they behold;
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age:
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory or the virgin's love;
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its wo.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws;
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling in a falling state!
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

Ev'n when proud Cæsar, midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
 As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye,
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honour'd Cæsar's, less than Cato's sword.

Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show you have the virtue to be mov'd. *Pope.*

PROLOGUE TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Too long the Muse, attach'd to regal show,
 Denies the scene to tales of humbler wo ;
 Such as were wont, while yet they charm'd the ear,
 To steal the plaudits of a silent tear ;
 When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
 And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.

A sceptred traitor, lash'd by vengeful fate,
 A bleeding hero, or a falling state,
 Are themes (though nobly worth the classic song)
 Which feebly claim your sighs, nor claim them
 Too great for pity, they inspire respect, [long ;
 Their deeds astonish, rather than affect ;
 Proving how rare the heart that wo can move,
 Which reason tells us we can never prove.

Other the scene, where sadly stand confess'd
 The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast.
 When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow,
 When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow,
 All feel the tale—for who so mean but knows
 What fathers' sorrows are, what lovers' woes ?

On kindred ground our bard his fabric built,
 And placed a mirror there for private guilt ;
 Where, fatal union ! will appear combin'd
 An angel's form and an abandon'd mind ;
 Honour attempting passion to reprove,
 And friendship struggling with unhallow'd love !

Yet view not, critics, with severe regard,
 The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
 Doom'd, whilst he wrote, unpitied to sustain
 More real mis'ries than his pen could feign !
 Ill-fated Savage ! at whose birth was giv'n
 No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heav'n !
 Whose youth no brother knew, with social care
 To soothe his suff'rings, or demand to share ;
 No wedded partner of his mortal wo,
 To win his smile at all that fate could do ;
 While, at his death, nor friend's nor mother's tear
 Fell on the track of his desèrted bier !

So pleads the tale* that gives to future times
 The son's misfortune, and the parent's crimes ;
 There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,
 Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live !

Sheridan.

EPILOGUE TO SÈMIRAMIS.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
 Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene ?
 No, beauteous mourners !—from whose downcast
 eyes

The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice !
 Whose gentle bosoms, *Pity's altars*, bear
 The crystal incense of each falling tear !

* Life of Savage, by Dr. Johnson.

There lives the poet's praise!—no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Though ruder spirits love th' accustom'd jest
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,
Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain—
The sigh is pleasure! and the jest is pain!
Scarce have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
Though Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ!
Thus through the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
Though every coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning-beam its dews to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle *rose* revive so soon—
But bath'd in Nature's tears, it droops till noon.

O could the Muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who heard might
'Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art, [reach!
Who with Assyria's queen has wept thy part—
Go search where keener woes demand relief,
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief,
Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still ling'ring in thy eye—
Go—and on real misery bestow
The blest effusion of fictitious wo!—

So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
Deserve indeed the title of—*divine!*
Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
And *Pity* greet her with a sister's love!

Sheridan.

END OF VOL. IV.

